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THE AGE OF COTTON.

OUR respectable predecessors of the far distant past—those whom we call the ancients—divided the course of time into certain distinct portions or ages, upon which they bestowed appellations that were intended to signify the characteristics of the generations to whom they were the present. In their nomenclature, the progress of time was set off into four divisions, to each of which was given the name of a metal, between whose qualities and the general features of the portion which it was employed to designate, a certain analogy was discovered, or at least imagined, by the exuberant fancy of the poets. To the first and most simple age—that in which mankind exhibited a state of mere vegetative existence—was applied the epithet *golden*; although it is not easy to discover, now that the world is better advised touching the properties of that all-powerful metal, wherein consisted the resemblance. This was the age of simplicity, and innocence, and ignorance. The faculties were no farther exercised than was requisite for the gratification of the mere physical wants, and these were few and easily satisfied. The earth yielded her fruits spontaneously, or to the most inartificial culture; and, the divine art of cookery not having been yet invented for the alternate stimulation and solace of appetite, men ate and drank solely to appease the actual demand, and, no doubt, passed most of their time, like children, in sleeping; for it is hard to conceive what else they had to do. This was the age of peace—for there was little or nothing which

men might covet from each other, and of course nothing to serve as foundation for a quarrel—the age of justice, temperance, tranquillity, and dulness; the creative elements of society, improvement and progression, were not as yet in motion; and it was an established principle, that men could not by possibility know as much as their grandfathers.

Then came the *silver* age—when mankind began to feel the impulse of desires and wants, and of consequence to employ the faculties. The arts then were in their dawn, and the striking discovery was made that the fingers and the intellect are creative. Men built themselves rude dwellings, made garments of divers fashion, and sought to obtain from the earth, by regular cultivation, both increase and variety of its productions. Of course the laws of *meum* and *tuum* began to be understood, vaguely; and also of course, to be violated. It was an age better than that of brass which followed; but less pure, simple, and innocent than its golden predecessor.

The *brazen* age was that of heroic war, in which men had made considerable progress in arts and refinement, but had acquired a taste for knocking each other on the head; which they indulged, not through animosity or for rapacious motives, but simply as an employment imagined honorable.

Last came the *iron* age—of rapine, injustice, tyranny, and fraud; when the mighty oppressed the weak, and the crafty despoiled his unsuspecting neighbor, and every man laid violent hands upon every thing which his eyes coveted—if he dared. In short, without going extensively into detail on the subject, it may be remarked generally, that the characteristics of humanity were by no means amiable, or fitted to encourage a feeling of respect in the mind of the observer.

These, then, were the four divisions of time imagined by the ancient poets; but there is more of poetry than philosophy in the distribution; and, even if it were correct to the extent of its application, the subsequent lapse of some odd thousands of years, effecting most extensive and radical changes, has rendered a new partition necessary.

In regarding the broadest and most general features of human existence, we conceive that it may be justly portioned out into three not imaginary, but real and substantial epochs, the third of which has as yet but little more than commenced; and to these may be applied the terms *possessing*, *destroying*, and *producing*; or, if it be desirable to employ the material nomenclature of the poets, the first two divisions may be represented as the age of gold and the age of iron; the characteristic symbol of the third we shall perhaps discover in the progress of these speculations.

The *golden age*, or age of possession, we designate as that extending from the creation of the world to the downfall and extinction of the Roman Empire; and its characteristic is derived from the habits of the patriarchal times, which for a succession of centuries were universal, and continued to prevail throughout the greater portion of the earth's inhabited surface until long after the Trojan war. This was the time of unimproving enjoyment—the time of nomade wanderings, and living in tents, and subsistence almost exclusively by pasturage. The arts as yet were not in being, or, few and simple, were only in their infancy—limited to the production of the merest necessities, simply for the personal use and consumption of those who practised or invented them. The riches of mankind were flocks and herds, and wives and children; and property in land was confined to the time and extent of actual possession. The creative faculty, by which man imparts increase of value to the natural substances provided for his use by the Creator, was as yet inactive, or employed only in rude, imperfect efforts; the accumulation of wealth was in quantity or numbers only, not in the improvement of quality, or of adaptation for use and enjoyment. The earth and its products were abundant for the sustenance of the human race in its then existing numbers; and the combination of necessity and mental restlessness had not yet suggested, to any great extent, the practicability and the advantage of causing grass to grow where none grew before, and of subsisting a thousand on the same space which, in its native state, could only subsist a hundred. In a word, commerce and manufactures were as yet unknown; and even agriculture, the first employment of mankind in the order of time, was scarcely beginning to be practised.

To this epoch of negative merit succeeded the real *age of iron*—the age of activity misdirected, of elemental commotion, of strife, ambition, chivalry and war. Its limits it is not easy to determine with precision, but they may be stated with sufficient accuracy, as coinciding antecedently with the downfall of the Roman empire, and subsequently with that of the Emperor Napoleon. The characteristic of this long succession of ages is a state of warfare; for although the arts of peace were already somewhat advanced, here and there, even before the commencement of this iron age, and although many of them were carried, during its continuance, almost to their very highest point of as yet attained perfection; although great cities were built, and noble institutions founded, and laws established, and nations enriched by commerce; although science and literature accomplished their most splendid achievements, and the great principles of moral and intellectual truth were educed from the chaos of spe-

culatation and analysis ; although mankind, in short, had attained the highest state of energy, mental and physical, of which the human intellect and frame are capable, they had not yet achieved the great discovery—the sublime principle of human existence and association ; they had not yet found out that the elements of true greatness and enduring prosperity are not military strength, increase of dominion, the renown of conquest and the terror of ambition, but peace, commerce, and the most extended and intimate national relations. The centuries that elapsed between the time of Alaric and that of his Corsican rival in ambition, were centuries of continued warfare ; and so pugnacious was the temper of mankind, so thoroughly was the spirit of contention and bloodshed impressed upon the age, that the hostility of any two potentates or nations, however petty and inconsiderable, was almost inevitably sufficient to bring on a general and protracted war ; and the study of rulers and people was, not so much to keep themselves aloof and mere spectators of the fray, as to invent or discover pretexts for plunging headlong into it.

Whether we consider the early ages of chivalry, when

“ The knight at the dawning pricked forth in career,
And was brought home at evening, pricked through with a spear,”

when brave warriors strolled along the highways and by-ways of this fair world, in mere search of casual and causeless battles, and the business and glory of man were accounted to lie chiefly in lusty blows with sword or battle-axe ; or the succeeding time of rapine, when stout barons kept their hordes of retainers in pay, in order to levy contributions on all who were not able to defend their possessions with the strong arm ; or the following era of civil wars, when the modern organization of society was in progress of establishment, through a succession of fierce and bloody strifes ; or the final subdivision of the iron age, when the ambition of monarchs and the frantic loyalty of subjects combined to keep the trade of human butchery in full activity—throughout all these centuries, we find that war and bloodshed were the characteristic of the time ; the history of the world is one continued narrative of horrors, in which man was at once the agent and the sufferer. The very awards of fame bear witness to the martial spirit that ruled the world. It is the renown acquired in battle that immortalizes the great men of the iron age ; the names that stand out most broadly and brightly illuminated on the page of glory are those of conquerors and warriors, such as Charlemagne of France, Richard the Lion-heart of England, the Black Prince, the great

Gustavus of Sweden, Frederick of Prussia, Marlborough, Turenne, Napoleon, and Napoleon's illustrious victor. Thousands upon thousands perished on the battle-field, that one might live in song and story.

But this rabid appetite for blood, this insane propensity of destruction, is fast diminishing. Already it has ceased to be the characteristic of humanity; and the age of *production* has commenced. The energies of the human frame and intellect are now devoted, more extensively than at any former time, to the creative processes of multiplying and modifying the natural products of the earth, for the enlargement of comfort and the melioration of society. With reference to the human family itself, it may be said that the first, or golden age—which, as to the animal and vegetable products of the earth has been otherwise denominated the age of possession—was also the age of *increase*; that which followed it was the age of organization, when the forms and principles of society were in the course of arrangement, through commotion and discord; and now we have entered upon the age of *employment*. The eyes of men are at last opened to the great truth, that the real source of prosperity and national greatness—the mainspring of progression—the fountain of encouragement to art, science, literature, all that meliorates and ennobles human life and character, is the once-contemned pursuit of commerce. This removes or overleaps the moral, not less than the physical barriers that separate the nations, and in its beneficent operation brings all tongues and people into one vast brotherhood of mutual want and mutual supply. This is the great vehicle of civilization, bearing to every nook and corner of the earth, and planting there, the inventions and improvements, physical and moral, which exalt the spiritual and improve the temporal condition of humanity. For, as upon every variety of soil and climate the Almighty has, in wisdom and benevolence, bestowed some peculiar products, so also has He bestowed upon all his created intelligent beings the capacity to enjoy, and the desire to possess, those products; and it is the province and the end of commerce to equalize possession and enjoyment throughout the millions of mankind, by conveying of the superabundance existing in one region to supply the want which He ordained, for a wise and gracious purpose, in another. And in this process of supply, originating, as it does, in the mere desire of physical gratification, every element of moral improvement and elevation is excited to activity, and provided with the means of accomplishing its destined purpose.

Nothing can be more obvious to the now enlightened eye of reason than that physical civilization, or the combination of de-

mand for the conveniences of life with the supply of that demand, is the basis of all other civilization; that every general improvement in the condition of mankind is inseparably connected with the especial improvement of the physical condition, or elevation of the standard of comfort among the mass of the people. Yet this truth has never been extensively perceived until within the present century, and even now the knowledge or recognition of it is by no means universal. Still more limited in time and extent has been the understanding of mankind, that commerce is the true and efficient agent in effecting this improvement of the physical condition. The desire to possess has always existed, but ages upon ages have rolled away before men learned that, to become beneficial to its widest extent and in its highest degree, this desire must be gratified by exchange, and not by robbery; and therefore was gunpowder invented long before the steam-engine; therefore has the progress of geographical discovery been made a curse and a reproach to the human race, by such atrocities as those of a Pizarro in South America, of a Cortez in Mexico, and of the slave trade on the coast of Africa.

But the discovery has at length been made, and the knowledge of it is spreading, as on the wings of the wind, from land to land throughout the earth. The invention of the steam-engine made it first dimly perceptible to the minds of the practical philosophers—that is, the enlightened merchants of the age. But another and still mightier agent was destined to perfect the knowledge and make it universal. The steam-engine was the instrument by which the great and important truth was forced upon the eyes of the observant; but there was yet wanting a power to give this instrument its full and irresistible activity. And the power was not wanting long.

In 1782 Mr. Watt obtained his patent for the invention of the steam-engine; and in 1783 the democratic principle was set fully and freely into motion, by the unconditional recognition of American independence on the part of England. Indeed, the coincidence was yet more close and remarkable between these two events, destined as they were to co-operate in effecting the grandest and most extensive revolution that has marked the history of man; for although the recognition of independence was in 1783, it was virtually established in 1782; and all that remained to be done was mere formality. The spinning-jenny had been patented by Arkwright in 1761, and cotton had been spun by machinery even so far back as 1730; but steam was necessary to the full developement of its capabilities; and when the application of this agent was effected, there was yet wanting an abundant and inexhaustible supply of

the material. It had been cultivated for exportation in South America early in the eighteenth century, but the first importation of cotton into England from the American continent, was almost coeval with the invention of the power-loom] and the application of steam to this great branch of manufacture. The first exportation of cotton from the United States to England was in 1787, when the democratic principle had been but four years established, and was yet struggling with the burdens and embarrassments entailed upon the new republic by the war in which it had achieved its existence. In four years more its whole export of cotton had risen to 200,000 pounds; in 1836 the export to England alone was the enormous quantity of 290,000,000. The increase of population in the United States, from 1790 to 1830, was 227 per cent.; the increase on the amount of trade with England in the same lapse of time was 252 per cent. The dealings between Great Britain and the United States in 1836 were a shipment of cotton alone to the amount of 50,000,000 of dollars, in round numbers, against more than 60,000,000 of importations from England; and this stupendous traffic was the growth of less than sixty years!

There can be no occasion to ask what was the agent in the building up of this amazing commerce, which is without even the shadow of a parallel in the history of man. It was that magnificent branch of industry which, in the language of McCulloch, the political economist, "bore England triumphantly through the dreadful contest with Napoleon, and gave her wealth and power sufficient to overcome the combined force of all Europe, though wielded by a chief of the most consummate talent;" and which has, in less than a quarter of a century, created on the continent of Europe a consumption exceeding six millions of bales per annum; and in this country has raised the consumption, from 100 bales in 1808, to nearly 240,000 bales in 1836. The manufacture of cotton has achieved this mighty work of employment, supply, and intercourse, with all the meliorations and improvements with which it must of necessity be attended. The AGE OF COTTON has commenced; and from the stupendous movements and performances even of its opening years, we may attempt at least to form an idea of the mighty revolution it is destined to effect in the social, intellectual, moral and physical condition of mankind.

The nearest stage of this great revolution in point of time, and the most distinctly prognosticated in the current of events, is the decadence of England as the first commercial country in the world. The sceptre of commercial empire is falling from her hand. Not so much the ambition of Russia as the great moral necessity of despotism for the advance of civilization

among the barbarous hordes of Asia, is rapidly and surely narrowing the field in which the enterprise of the merchant-island has sought and found its greatest and most profitable development; the manufacturing rivalry of France and Germany competes with the industry and skill of the island-workshop; while the vast extent, the fertile soil, and the democratic principle of America, in fatal concert, are rapidly building up a more than rival in wealth and power to the once-acknowledged island-queen. America combines within herself all the elements that must give supremacy over England—the field of consumption, and the instruments of competition, and the material without which neither can be employed to highest profit. The material sovereign of the world is destined to be cotton; and in the production of this sovereign North America possesses the virtual monopoly.

The commercial empire of the world belongs to the United States, and they will seize it. The course of events throughout all the earth is tending with an accelerated rapidity to this natural consummation. England will struggle mightily against the doom, but her struggle will be neither long nor effectual. Already has the united power of democracy and cotton made one fierce and almost successful assault upon her dominion, and but that its force was counteracted by the pernicious blundering of the government at home—which, instead of seconding, threw every obstacle in the way of the attack—the sun of England's commercial greatness would ere now have set, and her glory have been centred in the past. The assault was indeed made prematurely; the conquests that had successively been gained were not sufficiently secured—the citadel was stormed before the outworks were firmly in possession of the besiegers. Yet premature as was the attack, and hindered as it was by the wickedness and folly of the public servants to whom democracy had temporarily confided the administration of her power, it was violent enough to shake England to her centre; and although she did not fall, the foundation of her commercial supremacy was so fiercely shattered that it can never be restored to its former strength and firmness. And the attack will be renewed; not from any hostile or even ambitious purpose in the assailants—for there was none such in that already made—but in the natural course and order of events. The repulse was fearful in its consequences to the assailants; but although broken and scattered, they have not been destroyed, nor is their power annihilated. Even now they are gathering for another rush, with forces better organized and preparations more complete.

And is it supposed that these things are unknown and un-foreseen in England? Not so; albeit the perception of the truth has

yet is very far from general. There are and have been eyes to see, and voices to declare, that "Westward the star of empire holds its way," although the million do not know, and will not believe, the interpretation of the saying. Fifty-five years ago a noble British statesman* prognosticated to his peers, that "whenever the British Parliament should recognise the sovereignty of the thirteen colonies, the sun of England's glory was for ever set." Four years earlier another English nobleman† declared, that "from the instant when American independence should be recognised, the British empire was undone." And yet three years before, the great Lord Chatham, in his last speech to the House of Lords, uttered the same warning, almost in the self-same words.

The million in England have forgotten these portentous admonitions, or, if remembering, will not believe, for in them the idea is so firmly rooted of England's unquestionable and enduring supremacy in wealth, in power, knowledge, refinement, every thing worthy and admirable, that they cannot conceive the possibility of change—their minds cannot take in the supposition of England's ever holding the second rank to any country under heaven. But the statesmen have a vague and fearful suspicion of the coming truth; and the writers for the press, and all whose education and habits qualify them for taking accurate general views not wholly obscured by pride and national conceit. And therefore they hate America with the most intense of hatreds—that of fear. Benevolent and amiable enthusiasts on both sides of the Atlantic may utter beautiful sentiment on the mutual duty of affection, and friendship, and respect, or may delude themselves with the belief that time is wearing away the mutual feeling of dislike; but there is not, and there cannot be, a realization of their fond imaginings, until long after the great battle shall have been fought and won. Not a battle of destruction and bloodshed, but of commerce, enterprise, employment, and production. It is the destiny of America to overshadow England—and of England, until the work is done, to hate America. But America may feel and may exhibit the cruel magnanimity of conscious precedence. Young, vigorous, and triumphant America will have compassion and forbearance to bestow on ancient, haughty England. And in the mean time she may well endure the insolence of England's journalists and writers—their sneers and execrations. These are but the offspring of mortal hatred and

* Lord Shelburne, father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne.

† Lord George Germaine.

most anxious fear, wearing the thin disguise of supercilious dislike.

Such is to be the operation of the two great powers, now rising *pari passu* to the highest pinnacle of energy and development—DEMOCRACY AND COTTON; one moral and the other physical. They are destined in their proper season to rule the entire world: for when the despotisms of the Eastern hemisphere have wrought their appointed work, in the elevation of existing barbarous and savage nations to the fitting point of inchoate civilization, they will change their form, and put on that of pure democracy. The sage doctors of political economy tell us that despotism and democracy are the antagonist principles of social organization; but the doctors of political economy are—not wise men. They reason upon names, and not upon the elements of which names are merely types or shadows. The contrast between despotism and democracy is only in the *mode* of action, not in the action itself, or in its consequences. In despotism the will of one, or rather of the few—for as it is impossible for one to see all, and know all, and direct all, without the intervention of many instruments, so it is impossible for that one to escape reaction from those instruments—the will of the few controls and sways, not the will but the ability of the many; in democracy the will of the many controls and sways the ability of the few; with this difference, that there is almost universally, in democracy, a nearer approach to equality of numbers between the rulers and the ruled, than in a despotism. In either case, however, there is absolute command on the one side and absolute submission on the other.

The true antagonist of democracy is the limited monarchical government, like those of France and England; the government of checks and balances, in which several contending principles or powers are arrayed against each other, and in which there is never absolute control or absolute submission.

Government may be likened to a circle, democracy and despotism being represented by points moving at opposite sides of its periphery; and limited monarchy, by one moving in the line of its diameter. Although the first two are apparently in extremes, yet their motion is accordant, and the lines which they describe must inevitably run together, provided the motion be continued long enough. But the line of monarchy is at right angles to those of both the others, and it can but run across them, let it be continued to eternity. An accelerated velocity, given to either form of absolutism, must infallibly cause it to overtake and identify itself with the other. The natural issue of despotism, when it has run its course and can be endured

no longer, is first anarchy and then democracy ; the natural issue of democracy when urged to its extreme, is nothing more or less than despotism.

Both are eminently favorable to the development of all those principles and powers which constitute or acquire national greatness, provided their administration is guided by wisdom and sagacity. The moral elements of national greatness are individual enterprise, and a disposition on the part of the government to foster, to encourage, and assist that enterprise. If these elements combine in due proportion with the necessary physical attributes, the nation must be eminently great and powerful ; and if either the moral or the physical requisites be wanting, national greatness cannot be attained ; but if the physical requisites exist, and either of the moral be deficient, the march of the people to greatness will be slow and uncertain, or be not at all, according to the proportion between the deficiency on the one hand, and the sufficiency on the other. Thus we see in Russia a government of the highest energy, and very far from wanting in sound judgment, literally driving the nation on to eminence and power, although clogged and impeded by the general inertness of the people, whose characteristics are fortitude, industry, patience, and perseverance, without enterprise. On the other hand, we see in the North American republic, individual enterprise and activity of the highest grade, moving on with unexampled rapidity to the summit of greatness and power when assisted by judicious government ; and when hindered by the mismanagement of those whom the democracy has appointed as its agents, still moving forward in their career, although with a retarded pace—then breaking down the organization which interposes obstacles—and finally pushing on again, with an acceleration of impulse which more than compensates the temporary hindrance. And this is not the least among the great moral lessons of the age in which we live—THE AGE OF COTTON.

AN OCTOGENARY,

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

CHAPTER I.

"A gentleman he was of the old time,
One of those relics of the golden past
That stand among the things of modern times,
Like column-shafts, taken from ruins hoar,
Yet perfect in themselves, to grace the halls
Of our secluded mansions—"

Victorine, a MS. Drama.

It is now something more than fifty years ago, that I was an under-graduate at Harvard College. My home was in a remote part of New England, which, in those days before railroads were imagined, and before even stage-coaches were introduced, was practically as far distant as the most remote of the last batch of new States is at the present day. My intercourse with my family was necessarily confined to two or three short visits during the course of my college life—one of which I accomplished on foot—and to a straggling letter, which now and then came lagging along in the saddle-bags of the mail-carrier, and which by a wonderful coincidence, scarcely less remarkable than the consentaneous decease of Adams and Jefferson, sometimes fell into the hands of its lawful proprietor. Whatever may be the sins of the gentleman who now presides as tutelary genius over the mail bags of the nation at Washington, I believe that no one who remembers the way in which the epistolary intercourse of the country was managed half a century ago, would care to exchange the system of which he is the head, for the good old plan which encumbered the days of the confederation. I truly believe that the ingenuous youth, who are relegated by their anxious sires to the universities of the petty princes of Germany to learn how to act the part of republican citizens, and who often return spectacles for men and angels, wiser than their masters, with beard and hair streaming more meteor-like than theirs, and transcending even the transcendentalism of the newest school of Philosophy, in short, as Tacitus says, "*Germanis ipsis Germanior*:" I say, I truly believe that these rising hopes of our country are more

liable to be regularly and easily interrupted in their more important pursuits by the arrival of long-drawn-out epistles, full of the exploded doctrines of the New England school of philosophy and religion, though three thousand miles removed, than I was at a distance of little more than a hundred and fifty.

Be these things as they may, whenever one of these loitering missives did arrive, it was sure to contain, among much excellent advice and sound instruction, an injunction to take the earliest opportunity of visiting old Colonel Wyborne, a distant relative of the family, and one to whom my father was under serious obligations for good services done him before the Revolutionary war compelled him to retire from Boston. Like a foolish boy as I was, I postponed complying with this repeated injunction from year to year. I felt a natural awkwardness about going near twenty miles to see an old gentleman, of whom I knew nothing with certainty except that he lived in the most complete seclusion, and whose reputation for eccentricity, much exaggerated by common report, made me rather nervous about my reception. I much preferred spending my holidays in the congenial society of my dear old Aunt Champion, and begrudged the monstrous piece that a visit twenty miles off would cut out of the longest of my available vacations. But at last my continued negligence drew down upon me a severer rebuke than I had yet received, when I was on my summer's visit during my junior year; and I was laid under the parental command (in those days the highest earthly authority,) to devote the ensuing Thanksgiving holidays to a visit to this venerated relative. Upon my return to College I made it my earliest business to write an apologetic letter, excusing my long delays, and asking his permission to pay my respects to him during the Thanksgiving week. In due course of time I received a cordial affirmative, couched in the most courteous and condescending language; disclaiming any right on his part to expect such a sacrifice of time and pleasure on mine; but at the same time giving me full credit for my readiness to make it, and expressing the warmest pleasure at the idea of seeing once more in his solitude the son of his old and valued friends. The elegance and urbanity of his letter, as well as its spirit and fire, prepossessed me strongly in favor of the venerable writer; and though I could not but be conscious that I did not deserve all the commendations that he bestowed upon me, yet I resolved that my conduct should be such in future that he should have no reason to think them misplaced. My curiosity was now awakened with regard to his character and history, and I lost no time in endeavoring to learn what I could re-

specting them from the kind oracle, to whom I have before alluded.

On the very next Saturday I found myself sitting opposite my excellent Aunt Champion, separated from her, as she sat in her high-backed arm-chair, only by the small mahogany table from which the cloth was just withdrawn by the faithful Dinah, revealing its polished surface and carved edges; and which reflected, in its rosy depths, the images of the aspiring decanter, rising with a graceful swell from its firm base to its tapering neck, filled with the rich vintage of the most fortunate of "the islands of the blest;" and decorated, as were the wine-glasses—perfect cones, resting securely on their apices upon the tall stems—with a galaxy of stars and festoons of ribbons with fluttering bows. The beams of the afternoon's sun, struggling through the leaves of the garden trees, shone aslant, with a pleasant autumnal glow upon the carpet just behind her chair. My good Aunt, when she filled her glass, and half in jest and half in earnest, gave her invariable toast, "THE KING!" (a political heresy, which the sterling excellence of her wine went far to palliate,) looked like some dame of a former age, who had burst her cerements and returned to upper air to reveal some ancestral secret to her youthful descendant. Having duly drained my glass in honor of His Britannic Majesty, (for my excellent relative, orthodox in all points, abhorred heel taps,) and incontinently replenished it, I held up the brimming beaker to the light, and admiring the rich hue of the liquid ruby—glowing with a richness and depth of tint which might have put to shame any cathedral window in the world—I sighed, and betwixt game and earnest, said, "Ah, my dear Aunt, we must make the most of this good wine, for it is now hard to find. The confounded Revolution has demolished half the cellars in the country."

"It is so, indeed," the good lady responded; "it was but last week that I dined with Governor Hancock, and I assure you the wine was scarcely drinkable. Indeed, his Excellency apologized for it, by saying that his cellar had gone to the Devil during the war, and that he was but just getting it to rights again. As for his wine having gone to the Devil, I could easily account for that, for the biggest part of it had gone down the gullets of the Sons of Liberty; but that he should have been so besotted with party madness as to have neglected to keep up the well-earned fame of his cellar, is amazing! He who was acknowledged to have the best in the province! I could almost pardon his treason sooner than this abominable folly!" she said, and consoled herself with an emphatic pinch of snuff.

"It is, indeed," replied I, "a sad defect in his character. It was not so in the good old times of the Royal Governors!"

"Bless you, my dear boy; no, indeed! that it was not," rejoined my good Aunt. "Why, the cellars of the old Province House were a perfect history of the colony; they were the very archives of good-fellowship. The old grey-headed negro butler, who was transmitted from one Governor to another for many years, had a history for every pipe and bin; and many a good story could he tell of the merry times of Burnet and Pownal. Ah! they were sad fellows, and had a set of roystering blades about them! All this, you understand, however, was under the rose; and their revels were so managed as to give as little offence as possible to their righteous subjects. It was pretty well understood, however, that, like old Noll, they were more given to seeking the corkscrew than the Lord."

"Our gentlemen, too," said I, "have lost much of the spirit which honorably distinguished their fathers, who would have submitted to a reproach on the fair fame of their ancestors as on that of their cellars. These confounded politics have distracted their attention from matters of real importance."

"True enough! True enough!" rejoined Mrs. Champion. "And there you have another blessed consequence of this glorious revolution! What can you expect of men who make a boast of despising their claim to an honorable descent? They deserve to drink bad wine for the rest of their days. Cellar-Pride cannot long outlive Family-Pride." She ceased and sighed.

A short pause ensued, which I profitably filled up by sipping the genial juice with the reverence which the thought that it was the last of a generous stock was fitted to inspire. My dear Aunt sat silent, tapping her snuff-box with her fruit-knife, and evidently absorbed in sad meditation on the degeneracy of the times, and on the change which had stolen over the little world in which she lived, and tinged with a more sombre hue the evening of her days.

Willing to divert her mind from this melancholy abstraction, I reverted to the subject immediately before us, and throwing an air of sympathy and interest into my manner, I inquired:—

"Pray, my dear Aunt, what may be the history of this good wine?"

"This wine!" she replied, starting from her reverie, "this wine is the Quebec wine; so called from the circumstance of its having arrived in harbor on the same day on which the news of Wolfe's victory was received. My husband immediately christened it with the name of that glorious battle, and always, as long as he lived, nursed the infant liquor with pe-

culiar care. One pipe of it, I remember, he forthwith, on the very day, despatched to John Wyborne at Sanfield."

"What," interrupted I, "old Colonel Wyborne! He is the very person I wanted to ask you about; and this is certainly a pleasant introduction to my inquiries. Pray, Aunt, what manner of man was he? For I am going to spend the next Thanksgiving holidays with him."

"John Wyborne! He is a nobleman of God's own creation; a man of ten thousand. I have known him from his boyhood, and have never known a man on whose mind and body Nature had more plainly stamped GENTLEMAN. However, I have not seen him for these twenty years; for since I laid down my carriage on your uncle's death, I have never been to see him, and it is more than twice that number of years since he was in Boston; so that it is not unlikely that time may have made some inroads on his outer man; but I will answer for the freshness of his mind and his heart."

"I think you may safely do that, my dear Aunt," I replied, "for I have proof of it under his own hand and seal;" saying which, I produced his letter to me, and by my Aunt's request read it to her, she having mislaid her spectacles. Her eyes glistened as I proceeded; for the characteristic animation, and point, and high-breeding of the letter evidently awoke recollections and feelings which had long slept, and carried her back to the days when they were both young, and hopeful, and happy. When I had done, and restored the epistle to my pocket-book, after a moment's musing she said:—

"Ah! that is like him: that is like John Wyborne: what a man was lost to the world when he forsook it! That was the only mistake he ever made; except, indeed, his taking the wrong side in the late Rebellion."

"I have heard," said I, "that he is the least in the world of an humorist, though no one seems to know much about him. Do you know what induced him to give up the world and retire to Sandfield in the prime of his life?"

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I know all about his history; but as to his being an humorist in the usual acceptation of the word, I do not believe a word of it. I have sometimes thought that a distinction should be made in that order of nature between the bad humorists (by far the largest division) and the good humorists. The first are a set of selfish, peevish wretches, the torment of their wives and servants, and the annoyance of their neighbors; who think that the reputation of oddity which they have cultivated, will cover and excuse the multitude of their vexatious, though petty, iniquities; the second class is composed of men of the finest natures and gen-

tlest dispositions ; whom some unlucky crook in their lot has put a little out of conceit with the world and its ways, and who, withdrawing from the beaten paths of life, pursue by themselves what seems to them the chief good of existence ; indifferent to the wonder and contempt of those who are in hot chase of the more generally recognized objects of human pursuit, and in whose heart it is not easy to conceive of any other motives of human action. This sort of men, however, are most fastidiously careful never to permit their oddities to chill the kindliness of their hearts, and to interfere with the comforts of others ; they ride their hobbies with so careful a rein, that they never run against or unhorse any of their neighbours whom they meet prancing on theirs on the King's Highway. A humorist in this sense it cannot be denied John Wyborne is."

"But what was the disturbing cause," I inquired, "which made him shoot from his sphere ? Was he crossed in love, or ambition, or business ; or what might it have been ?

"Why, he can hardly be properly said to have been crossed in either," replied my Aunt ; "and yet it was certainly disappointment that drove him into seclusion. But it is a long story—too long to be told now ; we will reserve it for some of our winter evenings."

"But pray, my dear Aunt," I remonstrated, "give me a skeleton of his history and character if you have not time to dissect them scientifically," (I was at this time dipping into medical and anatomical books,) "for I may not see you again before I pay my visit ; and I should be sorry to venture into such a curious country without some sort of a map for my direction."

"Well, well," good-naturedly rejoined my Aunt, "you were always a spoiled child, and, never having been refused any thing you thought proper to ask for, I suppose that is a good reason for your not being denied any thing now. So fill your glass and mine, and we will drink the good Colonel's health." Which having been duly performed, my Aunt proceeded :—"John Wyborne's father was a merchant in the golden days of the town, (commercially speaking, I mean,) when it had a free trade to all parts of the world, and no man asked of any New England ship, whence it came or whither it went. In that world before colonial policy or custom-house officers, old Mr. Wyborne flourished, and made a princely fortune for those days, or, indeed, subsequent times ; for he left at his death no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds sterling. When the colonies had grown into importance enough to attract the attention of the ministry at home, and restrictions were laid

upon the trade of the Province, Mr. Wyborne withdrew from business; and obtaining admission into the General Court, and afterwards into the Council, spent the remainder of his days agreeably enough in annoying the Governor, and doing his best to thwart all his favorite measures and cut down his salary. In the intervals, however, of these useful and pleasant avocations, he found time hang rather heavily on his hands, and bethought himself of taking a wife to help him bear the burden. In those days, as now, it generally happened, by some chance or other, that a man with fifty thousand pounds in his pocket was not long to seek for a wife. Mr. Wyborne was no exception to the rule, and before many months he was the husband of Miss Armytage, a daughter of one of the oldest families in New England; or in Old England either, for that matter. I have heard my mother tell of the splendid style in which they lived in their fine house in King street; there was no family in the Province who approached them in their manner of living. They had no children till the birth of Colonel Wyborne in the year 1701.

Mr. Wyborne died in the full prime of his life, in the year '11, when his son was but ten years old; but his widow survived him for many years. Colonel Wyborne was reared in the usual style of that day; was flogged by Master Cheever at the Latin school into a competent knowledge of Latin; and after the usual transmigrations from the fagging freshman to the dictatorial senior, he took his degree in the year '20. He remained at Cambridge for three years—till he proceeded Master of Arts—which was then a usual thing for those who could afford the expense. Having thus finished his Academical course, he resolved to visit Europe,—an undertaking of no common occurrence in those days, when it was thought little less than a tempting of Providence for a man to cross the ocean, unless it were to bespeak a cargo of English goods, or to look out for a grateful recipient of salt fish and lumber; which, of course, altered the moral bearings of the transaction altogether. Mrs. Wyborne most strenuously opposed her son's plan, and urged against it all the arguments which she could draw from the perils of the sea and the temptations of the shore—a species of logic which I have remarked to make but little impression upon the understandings of young gentlemen who have been infected with a propensity to do as they liked, and had the power in their own hands of doing it. Doctor Cotton Mather, too, employed a whole afternoon and evening in attempting to defeat a project which would remove from his congregation one of its wealthiest members for an indefinite period, at the very time of life when his own influence might be most cer-

tainly fastened upon him ; and who might not improbably return with a yearning after the more liberal atmosphere of the Manifesto Church. Maternal entreaties and ecclesiastical warnings were however in vain, and to London he went by the next ship that sailed for home. Not long after his departure, his mother consoled herself for his loss by marrying the Rev. Mr. Selleck, minister of the town of Sanfield, where Colonel Wyborne now lives. For a year or two after his departure, his young contemporaries and friends received frequent letters from him, giving full and glowing accounts of his success, beyond his hopes, in accomplishing the great objects of travel. A variety of circumstances, which I cannot now recapitulate, aided by his ample means, prepossessing appearance and address, and also by the novelty of his character as an accomplished Trans-Atlantic, introduced him into the brilliant circles of wit and fashion which distinguished the reigns of George I. and George II. He was well received by "the wicked wasp of Twickenham ;" was domesticated at Lydiard a few years later ; and when in Dublin, was admitted to a share in the somewhat unclerical frolics of the Dean of St. Patrick's. His success, however, was not confined to that disappointed though brilliant coterie ; for he was admitted to the dressing-room of Lady Mary Wortley, had bowed at Sir Robert's levee, and was well received at Court. His good fortune accompanied him to France, where he had an opportunity of witnessing, and, I fear, of partaking, the profligate revels of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and was well acquainted with Voltaire in his prime. The blandishments of Paris, however, did not detain him long from Italy, where he lingered for two years, seduced by its delicious climate and immortal ruins. At the end of two years he returned to England ; but before this time his correspondence with his Boston friends had flagged, as correspondences are apt to do, and soon after breathed its last. His intercourse with his mother was kept up till her death ; but from the distance at which she lived, we in town gleaned but scanty accounts of his adventures. In fact, from about the year '26 or '27, we almost entirely lost sight of him ; and as years rolled away, his image grew less and less distinct in the mind's eye of his best lovers ; and it was pretty well understood that he had lived so long in the sunshine of courts and the fellowship of wits, that he was unfitted to return to the austere and somewhat pedantic society of New England. The gentlemen who now and then went home on business could only learn that he lived in the North of England for the most part, and but seldom visited London. Fifteen years from the time of his departure passed away, and all expectation of ever seeing

him again was abandoned, when one day the ship *Speedwell* was said to be below, from London. This was much more of an event in those days than now, and the talk of the town for some time before and after it occurred. My husband immediately took a boat, and visited the ship in the roads, and soon returned with the strange news that John Wyborne was on board; and that was not all,—that he had brought his wife with him! Here was a surprise. His wife! Why, we had never heard that he was married, or even thought of such a thing! Who was she? How did she look? Was he much changed? My husband, however, broke off my exclamations and inquiries, by the intelligence that the returned prodigal and his English spouse were to be our guests until they could take possession of their own house. This information threw me into a little of a flutter, for I was but a young house-keeper then; and, though pleased with the idea of seeing my old playfellow again, and gratified at his choosing my house as his temporary home from amongst the many hospitable roofs of friends and relatives proffered to his acceptance—still, I could not but feel a little anxious lest the difference should be too marked between the appliances of luxury to which he had been accustomed at home, and the more humble, though substantial, comforts which I could provide. And then his wife—an Englishwoman, too! However, there was luckily not much time for self-tormenting, for it was now one o'clock, and our guests were expected before dark. You may imagine how poor old Dinah, then a strapping wench, and Celia, who died before your memory, bustled about, not unassisted by me, to put the blue chamber over head in due order, and to get all things in readiness for the due *welcome* of the coming guests. When all things were ready or in train, and I had duly arranged my dress, I descended to the opposite parlor to await their arrival. Having now nothing more to do, I began making myself work by displacing and then re-arranging all the furniture in the room, and now and then giving an uncalled-for poke to the blazing fire, which Cæsar had just lighted on the hearth; for it was one of those delightful clear, cool days in Autumn, when a good fire of an evening is relished as a luxury, and not regarded as a mere necessary of life, as in winter. At last, about six o'clock, they drove up, accompanied by your uncle, in the chariot, and as soon as they appeared, I felt that all my previous twitter had been unnecessary; the first glance I had of them told me that.

“The fifteen years which had elapsed since I last saw John Wyborne, had transformed the slight, though graceful youth into an elegant man of mature age; but the hurried warmth with

which he approached and saluted me, and the evident emotion which he felt at the sight of the familiar faces and scenes of his youth, assured me that he had passed through the ordeal of a European life without injury to the better feelings of his nature. He was now thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, but did not look a day more than thirty. He was more than six feet tall, and of a noble presence; his face beamed with manly intelligence; and his dark eye, which was at that moment quenched with emotion, at calm times sparkled with animation or glowed with enthusiasm. His mouth was rather large than otherwise, but susceptible of the most varied expression; and his teeth were of the most glittering whiteness. But," continued my Aunt, after a short pause, shaking her head with a pensive air, "it is hardly worth while to describe so particularly what the ruins you are going to see once were; but all who ever knew John Wyborne in his best estate, will tell you that they have never forgotten the fascination of his smile and eye."

"I assure you, my dear Aunt," I answered, my curiosity being now fully awakened, "that you cannot be too minute for me; but as time presses, pray give me some account of his wife. Was she as fine a creature as his wife should have been?"

"Indeed she was," replied my Aunt; "at least as far as one could judge from appearance and manner, she was well worthy of her husband; but there was some mystery about her which we never could fathom, and where there is mystery, there must always be a degree of doubt as to the worthiness of the person, especially of the woman, to whom it attaches. But, poor thing! she did not live long to be the theme of the gossiping small-talk of the herd of society, or of the anxious and legitimate curiosity of her near relatives!"

"Did she indeed die so early?" exclaimed I; "but pray go on with your story, for I am impatient to hear the end of it."

"That you will soon hear," my Aunt resumed; "for there is but little more to tell. John Wyborne and his wife remained our guests for about six weeks, while the old family mansion in King street was getting in readiness for them. This time was filled up by a succession of gaieties in honor of their arrival. Governor Belcher entertained them at a grand dinner at the Province House, at which were assembled the most distinguished of the gentlemen and ladies of the town. All the principal inhabitants vied with each other in welcoming the new-comers with splendid hospitalities. The fine Autumnal days which were free from engagements in town, we employed in scouring the country round; sometimes in the chariot, and

sometimes on horseback, to display the charming scenery of New England, glowing with the tints of a New England Autumn. On these excursions we always stopped at some of the gentlemen's seats, which were sprinkled over the country in every direction, and the gates of which always stood wide open to invite the passing friend. Alas! too many of those hospitable portals have been closed by the cruel Revolution, or passed into niggard hands!

"Well, the six weeks soon passed away, and our guests left us, and took possession of their own house. And a fine establishment it was, being the result of Taste combined with Wealth; and yet there was no attempt to outshine their neighbors; every thing was in the very best style of the town, and nothing more. When they were fairly fixed in their new abode, they gathered around them a circle of the choicest society; and that winter was a memorable one in the annals of any one who was admitted within that charmed circle. Mr. Wyborne gave a weekly dinner on Wednesdays, which he managed to make a very different affair from the somewhat stiff festivities of set dinners at that time, or any other time either, for that matter.

"It was observable, however, that after the first excitement of a new country and the first bustle of hospitalities were over, and they were quietly settled down by their own fireside, that Mrs. Wyborne was but ill at ease. Her form by degrees lost something of its symmetrical roundness, her brilliant complexion was exchanged for an alabaster chilliness, and her eyes gradually lost much of their peculiar beauty. Her husband seemed but to live for her, and there was no circumstance of watchful love and sedulous attention in which he was wanting. She, however, drooped from month to month so palpably as to excite the anxiety of her best friends, and the lively curiosity of her common acquaintance.

"One thing was remarkable enough, and that was, that neither she nor her husband ever made the faintest allusion to her parentage or history previous to their marriage. Mr. Wyborne so promptly and dexterously parried all attempts to extract any information on these points from him, and his wife met them with such a mournful embarrassment, that it was soon understood that they were forbidden topics in their presence; though you may well imagine that they were discussed in all their bearings, known and imagined, when they were absent. The circumstance, too, that she was plunged in double gloom upon the arrival of every fresh packet of letters from Europe, did not tend to damp the curiosity, or to extinguish the conjectures of those kind inquirers who are more solicitous about the affairs of others than about their own."

"That certainly did look rather suspicious," interrupted I. "Did it not excite some doubts in the minds of the lovers of scandal as to whether they were married at all?"

"That scandalous construction," Mrs. Champion replied, "would, no doubt, have been put upon their unaccountable behavior, if Mr. Wyborne had not, probably with a foreboding of such a rumor, taken good care to exhibit as an interesting autograph his marriage certificate, signed by the famous Dr. Young, who performed the ceremony in London by special license. Matters went on thus for some months, their house being the centre of our limited sphere, and almost always thronged with company, which John Wyborne anxiously gathered round him in hopes of dissipating the growing melancholy of his wife.

"The winter wore on pleasantly enough to all except the fated mistress of the mansion. John Wyborne had received his library, the finest private one in the country, which he had collected abroad, and had arranged it entirely to his mind. Many valuable pictures, a few statues, (rather shocking to the primitive taste of those days,) and, what was to us a rich collection of articles of *virtú* arrived, and added to the attractions of his house. A superficial observer would have pronounced John Wyborne a happy man. He had health, riches, taste, a well-cultivated mind, a splendid library, warm friends of congenial tastes, and a charming wife! What could man desire more? Surely he had clutched the rare boon of unmixed felicity! Alas! my dear boy, he was no exception to the general doom which condemns man to trouble! All the appliances of luxury, all the qualifications of taste, even all the leisure and ample means for gratifying a passion for elegant letters, bring no balm to the wounds of a gentle nature, inflicted by the sight of a beloved object consuming away before the sight of a mental malady, beyond the leech's arts. Religion only, my son, religion only has consolations adequate to support the soul under such a burden!" She paused, for the memories of her own sorrows were painfully rising to her brain, and a phantom train of unburied griefs stretched in long perspective before her mind's eye. She, however, never long yielded to the painful influences of the Past, and soon resumed the thread of her narration.

"Matters went on thus till the middle of February, when Mr. and Mrs. Wyborne, having their establishment now complete, issued cards of invitation to all their acquaintance to an entertainment, given in return for the multitudinous attentions which had welcomed them on their arrival.

"It was bitterly cold; a glittering, clear winter's night, which well set off the genial and brilliant scene within. Your uncle

and I dined there, and helped them to oversee the last preparations. By six o'clock all the company were assembled, comprising all the town which had any claim to admittance, from old Dr. Coleman down to the freshest and prettiest young girls just escaped from the nursery.

"The recollection of that scene is indelibly impressed upon my memory by the sudden change which soon was brought over it; though there is not half a dozen of the gay crowd which filled the rooms that night that now survive. What a strange thing is memory! that I, at eighty-three, should at this moment be, as it were, in the midst of a brilliant and happy crowd of half a century ago; almost every one of which is now in the grave, except a few withered, weak old men and women just tottering on its brink. I could describe to you, if I had time and you cared to hear it, every dress in the room, from the splendid brocade and diamonds of the mistress of the house, whose chief ornament, however, was her beautiful hair, falling in natural ringlets over her neck, (for powder was not then in fashion;) and from Governor Belcher's black velvet coat and breeches, richly embroidered waistcoat, point lace ruffles, diamond buckles, and dress sword, down to the beautiful Mary Osborne; now old Mrs. Estridge, in her white watered silk and glistening high-heeled shoes, which Cinderella might have envied, seated on the window-seat, half hid by the heavy damask curtain, listening to Ralph Estridge, whom she not long afterwards married; who had just returned from home the image of a London *petit-maitre*, in a peach bloom silk coat lined with white, pink satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, white satin breeches, and white silk stockings, and a rapier with a steel handle, glittering like diamonds; books, flowers, paintings, beautiful women, and elegant men, made it a picture to be recalled with pleasure, if it were not for the dark cloud which soon gathered over it.

Well, every thing went on well enough; all were animated and most were happy; the mistress of the house looked like herself again; the young people made love; their elders talked of the prospect of a war with Spain; some of the more austere of the elder school of New England manners, privily shook their heads at the frightful havoc which Luxury was making in the good old simplicity of the Fathers. The most rigid of the reverend divines and honorable judges, however, smoothed their stern features on this occasion, and looked on with complacent smiles. At about half-past eight supper was announced, and we ascended to the supper room, led by the Governor and the mistress of the house. It was a beautiful spectacle. The tables lavishly adorned with flowers; the luxurious banquet

served almost entirely on plate ; the lovely and graceful figures which were grouped around the board in the full flow of youthful spirits, and the venerable forms and beneficent countenances of the elder guests contrasting with them, made up a scene of enchantment which I have never seen approached since. The master of the feast seemed to be doubly inspired by the spirit of the scene, and never shone more brilliantly, both in his own proper powers of entertainment, and his tact in drawing out the resources of others. My good old friend, Dr. Byles, then a young and brisk Divine, was in his element, and often set the table in a roar with his lively sallies ; and many a sharp encounter of wits took place between him and his host. Suppers, however, like all other terrestrial things, must come to an end ; and after about an hour and a half had been delightfully spent over the table, we returned to the parlor. Soon afterwards his Excellency, the clergy, and the more dignified portion of the company took their leave, which was the signal for the appearance of the violins, and the commencement of what was then a most unusual event—a Ball. Mrs. Wyborne opened the ball with a minuet with Mr. Hutchinson (our late Governor) ; and that prologue being happily over, the country-dances began in good earnest, and were kept up with untiring devotion till nearly four o'clock, when the assembly gradually melted away. My husband and I, as we had been the first on the ground, were the last to leave it. As we walked through the deserted rooms with our charming hostess, and observed with pleasure how the excitement and success of the evening had recalled her vanished bloom and rekindled her faded eyes, we little thought that the next occasion which would summon us to those apartments would be her funeral !”

“Her funeral !” I exclaimed.

“Even so,” she mournfully rejoined, “and so soon ! She was taken violently ill the very next day ; probably from undue excitement and unusual fatigue acting upon a frame already debilitated ; and in less than a week she was dead !” She paused, and as I looked at her, I saw that her aged eyes were wet at thought of the sad images which her story had recalled.

“And how did her husband bear the dreadful blow ?” I inquired.

“His despair was frightful for the first few days,” she replied ; “he refused admission to his best friends, and would not be comforted. He shut himself up for hours with the beloved remains, and the anxious and affectionate servants listened with dismay to the tempest of grief which they could hear raging within. Such violence of sorrow, however, could not last long ; but when the first fierce paroxysms were over, the preternatural

calmness which succeeded was scarcely less shocking than they. I can never forget, should I live a century longer, the dreadful change which that short week had wrought in his face ; death had not thrown a more gloomy change over the features of the beloved dead. His cheeks as hollow as a ghost's, his eyes of a stony vacancy, his pale lips quivering, and his whole energies apparently bent upon a mighty effort at calmness.

"That funeral was worth a thousand homilies. There she lay at length in her coffin, who, but a little week before, was the charm of all who saw or heard her ; in the very room, too, in which she had led the dance, and surrounded by most of the very revellers who had basked in her radiant presence. It was a chastening, though grievous vicissitude, from the house of feasting to the house of mourning, and from the garments of joy to the weeds of heaviness. The contrast of those darkened rooms filled with mournful countenances and suits of woe, to the glittering lights, splendid dresses, flashing eyes, and merry hearts of the time of their last meeting there, must have inscribed an ineffaceable lesson on the most thoughtless hearts. Nothing broke the sepulchral stillness but an occasional sob which would find its way from some woman's heart, or a half-suppressed sigh from some manly bosom ; till at length Dr. Sewall rose, and raised all our souls upon his eloquent prayers to heaven. When this impressive service was over, the last sad procession was marshalled to the tomb.

"It was one of those dark, gloomy winter's days, when the sky looks like a vault of stone almost resting upon the roofs of the houses ; the ground was covered with snow, and a few flakes now and then fell heavily down through the still cold air. The pall was held by the Lieutenant-Governor and five other of the principal gentlemen of the time. Then followed the bereaved husband, supported by my husband and Dr. Sewall. Then came the governor and magistrates, succeeded by a long train of relatives and friends in the deepest mourning. Behind, followed the family coach, the carriage, as well as the servants, in mourning ; then the governor's coach, and next the carriages of almost all the gentry of the town and country round. As the black train swept through the streets, the common people, who thronged them to witness the spectacle, all uncovered as we passed, and showed none of the levity which I have sometimes seen to accompany great funerals.

"At last, after making a large circuit in consequence of the numerous attendance, we arrived at the King's Chapel church-yard, and all passed round by the family tomb of the Wyborne's, and took a last look at its latest and fairest tenant, before its ponderous jaws closed upon her for ever. Poor John Wyborne

could bear up under his heavy grief no longer, but was supported by his anxious friends, almost insensible, to his coach. The rest of the melancholy attendants stood reverently by as the mourner was borne along, and then dispersed ; and entering the coaches which were in waiting, were slowly rolled to their various homes.

"The gloom of this event hung over the town for all the remainder of the season, and for months afterwards. It seemed as if every family was mourning over some household death. The difference which it made to me, you may easily imagine ; it was almost the first severe loss of the kind that I had ever encountered ; heaven knows it was not the last !" After a short pause, she resumed, "John Wyborne continued throughout the Spring in a most pitiable state ; the violence of his first grief was succeeded by an apathetic listlessness, from which nothing could arouse him. He formed a plan for returning again to Europe, which was encouraged by his friends as the medicine most likely to be effectual ; but he did not seem to retain enough of the energy with which he used to overflow, to make the necessary preparations. At last, when May was well advanced, my husband proposed to him to visit Sanfield, the town in the Old Colony, where his mother had spent the last years of her life after her marriage with the Rev. Mr. Selleck ; and where a considerable estate was going to decay for want of the eye of the master. As this excursion did not involve much expenditure of resolution or trouble, Mr. Wyborne consented to accompany Mr. Champion to the scene of his mother's later years. It was a most exquisite spring day when they went down, when the country was clad in its softest and freshest green, and the fields were white with apple-blossoms, and the delicious air seemed as if it might have been a balm even for a broken heart.

"Mr. Wyborne seemed to feel the benefit of the change of place almost immediately ; and the appearance of his house and grounds, and of the village in its vicinity, seemed to strike his fancy. The house, which I will not describe as you will soon see it, was somewhat the worse for want of inhabitants for a number of years since the decease of his reverend step-father ; but the avenue of fine elms and grove which sheltered it from the sea, had grown up prosperously, though untrimmed and neglected. The garden was something like that of the sluggard, to be sure ; and the sundial in its centre was almost hid by nettles and weeds, and the wall was in many places broken down, and the fish-pond was almost choked up with rubbish. I should have told you, that the new part of the house was built, the trees planted, and the grounds laid out by

an English church clergyman of fortune, who emigrated to this country about the beginning of the century; and who, finding small encouragement in his clerical capacity, had employed himself in the business and pleasures of a country life; and of whose heirs Mrs. Wyborne had purchased it on her second marriage.

"There was enough of native luxuriant beauty about the place to captivate the good taste of its owner; while there was an air of neglect and desolation about it which seemed to suit the present melancholy mood of his mind. My husband was well pleased to hear him avow his intention of putting the place to rights, and making it his residence for a part of the year. He encouraged him in his plan, and recommended that no time should be lost in putting it into execution. Accordingly they hunted up a farm-house in the neighborhood, whose owners were willing to take him and his servant in until the old house could be made habitable. Rejoiced to have been the means of providing a healthful occupation for his friend's sick mind, my husband returned to town, expecting that he would follow in about a fortnight. A fortnight elapsed, and a month and a year, and yet he tarried.

"He left his house in town for a couple of days, perhaps a week; and now almost half a century has passed away since then, and he has never once recrossed its threshold or revisited his native town! He had found the first comfort which his wounded spirit had known among the old trees and green meadows of his new home, and by the side of the ocean which washed his estate less than half a mile from the house; and he felt for them the love of a mourner for the tried friends of his affliction. Nothing, however, was farther from his intention than making that sequestered place his permanent abode. But the first summer and autumn were insensibly wasted away in the pleasant tasks of bringing order out of the chaos of his grounds, and of restoring to the old mansion the comfort and elegance of which time and neglect had stripped it. Then, just as winter set in, his house was ready for his occupation, and he could not bear to leave this new home, which was invested only with happy associations, for that roof which was overshadowed by the gloom of his mighty sorrow, and under which he would be haunted at every turn by the ghosts of his buried joys. So the winter passed away; and when spring returned, he had made up his mind to make this his chief residence, and sent for his library. When winter again arrived, his attachment to the place had strengthened, and he determined to spend it as he did the last. In this way his habits of life became gradually fixed; his love for his new home, and

his disinclination to return to his old one, increased with every year ; and so his prime of manhood and his green old age have worn away in that retirement."

"Had he any society in his solitude?" I inquired.

"But little in his immediate neighborhood," my Aunt replied, "except the clergyman, and one or two country gentlemen. But for many years during the summers and autumns he had no lack of company from Boston ; his house was scarcely ever empty, at those times, of his old friends and companions. Your uncle and I always paid him at least one visit a year, as I told you before, until I gave up the coach upon his death. By degrees, however, as his old friends died off, his younger ones grew less frequent in their visits ; and then the Revolution came in to confound all old friendships ; so that, for a good many years he has been thrown almost entirely on his own resources. I am told, however, by some old friends who are still constant to him, that he has acquired no cynicism from neglect, and gathered no rust from solitude ; but is still, in his manners, dress, and way of living, a fine relic of the thoroughbred gentleman of the middle of this century."

The good old lady here ceased. I warmly thanked her for her story, and assured her that it had increased my curiosity to make the personal acquaintance of its hero an hundredfold.

"I am glad you are going to see him," she resumed ; "for you may never chance to meet with exactly such another specimen of the old school again ; at least I do not know where his fellow is to be found."

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of Dinah with the tea things, which brought us down from our high converse about other days to a sense of present realities. After my good Aunt had dispensed the fragrant infusion in China's earth, the sun began to remind me, by the peculiar mellowness of his light among the leaves of the trees, that it was time for me to set forth on my return to my rooms. My horse being accordingly brought round by Cæsar, I affectionately saluted my dear old friend, and receiving from her a needless injunction not to fail to make my visit to Sanfield, I mounted my nag, and rode briskly back to my home among classic shades.

Y. D.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN was the eldest of nine children of the Rev. Thomas Fessenden. He was born on the 22d of April, 1771, at Walpole, in New Hampshire, where his father, a man of learning and talent, was long settled in the ministry. On the maternal side, likewise, he was of clerical extraction; his mother, whose piety and amiable qualities are remembered by her descendants, being the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Kendal, of New Salem. The early education of Thomas Green was chiefly acquired at the common school of his native place, under the tuition of students from the college at Hanover; and such was his progress, that he became himself the instructor of a school in New Salem at the age of sixteen. He spent most of his youthful days, however, in bodily labor upon the farm, thus contributing to the support of a numerous family; and the practical knowledge of agriculture, which he then obtained, was long afterwards applied to the service of the public. Opportunities for cultivating his mind were afforded him, not only in his father's library, but by the more miscellaneous contents of a large book-store. He had passed the age of twenty-one, when his inclination for mental pursuits determined him to become a student at Dartmouth College. His father being able to give him but little assistance, his chief resources at college consisted in his wages as teacher of a village school during the vacations. At times, also, he gave instruction to an evening class in Psalmody.

From his childhood, upward, Mr. Fessenden had shown symptoms of that humorous turn which afterwards so strongly marked his writings; but, his first effort in verse, as he himself told me, was made during his residence at college. The themes, or exercises of his fellow-students in English composition, whether prose or rhyme, were characterized by the lack of native thought and feeling, the cold pedantry, the mimicry of classic models, common to all such productions. Mr. Fessenden had the good taste to disapprove of these vapid and spiritless performances, and resolved to strike out a new course for himself. On one occasion, when his class-mates had gone through with their customary round of verbiage and thread-

bare sentiment, he electrified them and their instructor, President Wheelock, by reading "*Jonathan's Courtship*." There has never, to this day, been produced, by any of our countrymen, a more original and truly Yankee effusion. He had caught the rare art of sketching familiar manners, and of throwing into verse the very spirit of society as it existed around him; and he had imbued each line with a peculiar, yet perfectly natural and homely humor. This excellent ballad compels me to regret that, instead of becoming a satirist in politics and science, and wasting his strength on temporary and evangelical topics, he had not continued to be a rural poet. A volume of such sketches as "*Jonathan's Courtship*," describing various aspects of life among the yeomanry of New England, could not have failed to gain a permanent place in American literature. The effort in question met with unexampled success; it ran through the newspapers of the day, re-appeared on the other side of the Atlantic, and was warmly applauded by the English critics; nor has it yet lost its popularity. New editions may be found, every year, at the ballad-stalls; and I saw, last summer, on the veteran author's table, a broadside copy of his maiden poem, which he had himself bought in the street.

Mr. Fessenden passed through college with a fair reputation for scholarship, and took his degree in 1796. It had been his father's wish that he should imitate the example of some of his ancestors on both sides, by devoting himself to the ministry. He, however, preferred the law, and commenced the study of that profession at Rutland, in Vermont, with Nathaniel Chipman, then the most eminent practitioner in the State. After his admission to the bar, Mr. Chipman received him into partnership. But Mr. Fessenden was ill-qualified to succeed in the profession of law, by his simplicity of character, and his utter inability to acquire an ordinary share of shrewdness and worldly wisdom. Moreover, the success of "*Jonathan's Courtship*," and other poetical effusions, had turned his thoughts from law to literature, and had procured him the acquaintance of several literary luminaries of those days; none of whose names, probably, have survived to our own generation, save that of Joseph Dennie, once esteemed the finest writer in America. His intercourse with these people tempted Mr. Fessenden to spend much time in writing for newspapers and periodicals. A taste for scientific pursuits still further diverted him from his legal studies, and soon engaged him in an affair which influenced the complexion of all his after-life.

A Mr. Langdon had brought forward a newly-invented hydraulic machine, which was supposed to possess the power of

raising water to a greater height than had hitherto been considered possible. A company of mechanics and others became interested in this machine, and appointed Mr. Fessenden their agent for the purpose of obtaining a patent in London. He was likewise a member of the company. Mr. Fessenden was urged to hasten his departure, in consequence of a report that certain persons had acquired the secret of the invention, and were determined to anticipate the proprietors in securing a patent. Scarcely time was allowed for testing the efficacy of the machine by a few hasty experiments, which, however, appeared satisfactory. Taking passage immediately, Mr. Fessenden arrived in London on the 4th of July, 1801, and waited on Mr. King, then our Minister, by whom he was introduced to Mr. Nicholson, a gentleman of eminent scientific reputation. After thoroughly examining the invention, Mr. Nicholson gave an opinion unfavorable to its merits; and the question was soon settled by a letter from one of the Vermont proprietors to Mr. Fessenden, informing him that the apparent advantages of the machine had been found altogether deceptive. In short, Mr. Fessenden had been lured from his profession and country by as empty a bubble as that of the perpetual motion. Yet it is creditable both to his ability and energy, that, laying hold of what was really valuable in Langdon's contrivance, he constructed the model of a machine for raising water from coal mines, and other great depths, by means of what he termed the "renovated pressure of the atmosphere." On communicating this invention to Mr. Nicholson and other eminent mechanicians, they acknowledged its originality and ingenuity, and thought that, in some situations, it might be useful. But the expenses of a patent in England, the difficulty of obtaining patronage for such a project, and the uncertainty of the result, were obstacles too weighty to be overcome. Mr. Fessenden threw aside the scheme, and, after a two months' residence in London, was preparing to return home; when a new and characteristic adventure arrested him.

He received a visit, at his lodgings in the Strand, from a person whom he had never before seen, but who introduced himself to his good-will as being likewise an American. His business was of a nature well calculated to excite Mr. Fessenden's interest. He produced the model of an ingenious contrivance for grinding corn. A patent had already been obtained, and a company, with the Lord Mayor of London at its head, was associated for the construction of mills upon this new principle. The inventor, according to his own story, had disposed of one fourth part of his patent for £500, and was willing to accommodate his countryman with another fourth. After

some inquiry into the stranger's character, and the accuracy of his statements, Mr. Fessenden became a purchaser of the share that was offered him; on what terms, is not stated; but probably such as to involve his whole property in the adventure. The result was disastrous. The Lord Mayor soon withdrew his countenance from the project. It ultimately appeared that Mr. Fessenden was the only real purchaser of any part of the patent; and as the original patentee shortly afterwards quitted the concern, the former was left to manage the business as he best could. With a perseverance not less characteristic than his credulity, he associated himself with four partners, and undertook to superintend the construction of one of these patent mills upon the Thames. But his associates, who were men of no respectability, thwarted his plans; and after much toil of body, as well as distress of mind, he found himself utterly ruined,—friendless and penniless in the midst of London. No other event could have been anticipated, when a man so devoid of guile was thrown among a set of crafty adventurers.

Being now in the situation in which many a literary man before him had been, he remembered the success of his fugitive poems, and betook himself to the pen as his most natural resource. A subject was offered him, in which no other poet would have found a theme for the muse. It seemed to be his fatality to form connexions with schemers of all sorts; and he had become acquainted with Benjamin Douglas Perkins, the patentee of the famous Metallic Tractors. These implements were then in great vogue for the cure of inflammatory diseases, by removing the superfluous electricity. Perkinism, as the doctrine of Metallic Tractors was styled, had some converts among scientific men, and many among the people; but was violently opposed by the regular corps of physicians and surgeons. Mr. Fessenden, as might be expected, was a believer in the efficacy of the Tractors, and, at the request of Perkins, consented to make them the subject of a poem in Hudibrastic verse, the satire of which was to be levelled against their opponents. "TERRIBLE TRACTORATION" was the result. It professes to be a poetical petition from Doctor Christopher Caustic, a medical gentleman who has been ruined by the success of the Metallic Tractors, and who applies to the Royal College of Physicians for relief and redress. The wits of the poor Doctor have been somewhat shattered by his misfortunes; and with crazy ingenuity he contrives to heap ridicule on his medical brethren, under pretence of railing against Perkinism. The poem is in four cantos, the first of which is the best, and the most characteristic of the author. It is occupied with

Doctor Caustic's description of his mechanical and scientific contrivances, embracing all sorts of possible and impossible projects ; every one of which, however, has a ridiculous plausibility. The inexhaustible variety in which they flow forth, proves the author's invention unrivalled in its way. It shows what had been the nature of Mr. Fessenden's mental toil during his residence in London, continually brooding over the miracles of mechanism and science, his enthusiasm for which had cost him so dear. Long afterwards, speaking of the first conception of this poem, the author told me that he had shaped it out during a solitary day's ramble in the outskirts of London ; and the character of Doctor Caustic so strongly impressed itself on his mind, that, as he walked homeward through the crowded streets, he burst into frequent fits of laughter. The truth is, that, in the sketch of this wild projector, Mr. Fessenden had caricatured some of his own features ; and when he laughed so heartily, it was at the perception of the resemblance.

"Terrible Tractation," is a work of strange and grotesque ideas, aptly expressed ; its rhymes are of a most singular character, yet fitting each to each as accurately as echoes. As in all Mr. Fessenden's productions, there is great exactness in the language ; the author's thoughts being thrown off as distinctly as impressions from a type. In regard to the pleasure to be derived from reading this poem, there is room for diversity of taste ; but that it is an original and remarkable work, no person competent to pass judgment on a literary question, will deny. It was first published early in the year 1803, in an octavo pamphlet of about fifty pages. Being highly applauded by the principal reviews, and eagerly purchased by the public, a new edition appeared at the end of two months, in a volume of nearly two hundred pages, illustrated with engravings. It received the praise of Gifford, the severest of English critics. Its continued success encouraged the author to publish a volume of "ORIGINAL POEMS," consisting chiefly of his fugitive pieces from the American newspapers. This, also, was favorably received. He was now, what so few of his countrymen have ever been, a popular author in London ; and, in the midst of his triumphs, he bethought himself of his native land.

Mr. Fessenden returned to America in 1804. He came back poorer than he went, but with an honorable reputation, and with unstained integrity, although his evil fortune had connected him with men far unlike himself. His fame had preceded him across the Atlantic. Shortly before his arrival, an edition of "Terrible Tractation" had been published at Philadelphia, with a prefatory memoir of the author, the tone of which proves that the American people felt themselves honored

in the literary success of their countryman. Another edition appeared in New-York in 1806, considerably enlarged, with a new satire on the topics of the day. It is symptomatic of the course which the author had now adopted, that much of this new satire was directed against democratic principles and the prominent upholders of them. This was soon followed by "DEMOCRACY UNVEILED," a more elaborate attack on the same political party.

In "Democracy Unveiled," our friend, Dr. Caustic, appears as a citizen of the United States, and pours out six cantos of vituperative verse, with copious notes of the same tenor, on the heads of President Jefferson and his supporters. Much of the satire is unpardonably coarse; the literary merits of the work are inferior to those of "Terrible Tractoration," but it is no less original and peculiar. Even where the matter is a mere ver-sification of newspaper slander, Dr. Caustic's manner gives it an individuality not to be mistaken. The book passed through three editions in the course of a few months. Its most pungent portions were copied into all the opposition prints; its strange, jog-trot stanzas, were familiar to every ear; and Mr. Fessenden may fairly be allowed the credit of having given expression to the feelings of the great Federal party.

On the 30th of August, 1806, Mr. Fessenden commenced the publication, at New-York, of the "WEEKLY INSPECTOR," a paper at first of eight, and afterwards of sixteen octavo pages. It appeared every Saturday. The character of this Journal was mainly political; but there are also a few flowers and sweet-scented twigs of literature, intermixed among the nettles and burrs, which alone flourish in the arena of party strife. Its columns are profusely enriched with scraps of satirical verse, in which Dr. Caustic, in his capacity of ballad-maker to the Federal faction, spared not to celebrate every man or measure of government that was anywise susceptible of ridicule. Many of his prose articles are carefully and ably written, attacking not men so much as principles and measures; and his deeply-felt anxiety for the welfare of his country sometimes gives an impressive dignity to his thoughts and style. The dread of French domination seems to have haunted him like a night-mare. But, in spite of the editor's satirical reputation, the "Weekly Inspector" was too conscientious a paper, too sparingly spiced with the red pepper of personal abuse, to succeed in those outrageous times. The publication continued but for a single year, at the end of which we find Mr. Fessenden's valedictory to his readers. Its tone is despondent, both as to the prospects of the country and his own private fortunes. The next token of his labors, that has come under my notice,

is a small volume of verse, published at Philadelphia in 1809, and alliteratively entitled, "PILLS, POETICAL, POLITICAL, and PHILOSOPHICAL; prescribed for the Purpose of Purging the Public of Piddling Philosophers, of Penny Poetasters, of Paltry Politicians, and Petty Partizans. By PETER PEPPER-BOX, Poet and Physician." This satire had been written during the Embargo, but not making its appearance till after the repeal of that measure, met with less success than "Democracy Unveiled."

Every body who has known Mr. Fessenden, must have wondered how the kindest-hearted man in all the world could have likewise been the most noted satirist of his day. For my part, I have tried in vain to form a conception of my venerable and peaceful friend, as a champion in the stormy strife of party, flinging mud full in the faces of his foes, and shouting forth the bitter laughter that rang from border to border of the land. And I can hardly believe—though well assured of it—that his antagonists should ever have meditated personal violence against the gentlest of human creatures. I am sure, at least, that nature never meant him for a satirist. On careful examination of his works, I do not find, in any of them, the ferocity of the true blood-hound of literature—such as Swift, or Churchill, or Cobbett—which fastens upon the throat of its victim, and would fain drink his life-blood. In my opinion Mr. Fessenden never felt the slightest personal ill-will against the objects of his satire, except, indeed, they had endeavored to detract from his literary reputation; an offence which he resented with a poet's sensibility, and seldom failed to punish. With such exceptions, his works are not properly satirical, but the offspring of a mind inexhaustibly fertile in ludicrous ideas, which it appended to any topic in hand. At times, doubtless, the all-pervading frenzy of the times inspired him with a bitterness not his own. But, in the least defensible of his writings, he was influenced by an honest zeal for the public good. There was nothing mercenary in his connexion with politics. To an antagonist who had taunted him with being poor, he calmly replied, that he "need not have been accused of the crime of poverty, could he have prostituted his principles to party purposes, and become the hireling assassin of the dominant faction." Nor can there be a doubt that the administration would gladly have purchased the pen of so popular a writer.

I have gained hardly any information of Mr. Fessenden's life between the years 1807 and 1812; at which latter period, and probably some time previous, he was settled at the village of Bellows' Falls, on Connecticut River, in the practice of the

law. In May of that year he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Miss Lydia Tuttle, daughter of Mr. John Tuttle, an independent and intelligent farmer at Littleton, Massachusetts. She was then on a visit in Vermont. After her return home, a correspondence ensued between this lady and Mr. Fessenden, and was continued till their marriage in September, 1813. She was considerably younger than himself, but endowed with the qualities most desirable in the wife of such a man; and it would not be easy to over-estimate how much his prosperity and happiness were increased by this union. Mrs. Fessenden could appreciate what was excellent in her husband and supply what was deficient. In her affectionate good sense, he found a substitute for the worldly sagacity which he did not possess, and could not learn. To her he entrusted the pecuniary cares, always so burthensome to a literary man. Her influence restrained him from such imprudent enterprises as had caused the misfortunes of his earlier years. She smoothed his path of life, and made it pleasant to him, and lengthened it; for, as he once told me—(I believe it was while advising me to take, betimes, a similar treasure to myself)—he would have been in his grave long ago, but for her care.

Mr. Fessenden continued to practise law at Bellows' Falls till 1815, when he removed to Brattleboro, and assumed the editorship of the *Brattleboro Reporter*, a political newspaper. The following year, in compliance with a pressing invitation from the inhabitants, he returned to Bellows' Falls, and edited, with much success, a literary and political paper called the *Intelligencer*. He held this employment till the year 1822, at the same time practising law, and composing a volume of poetry—"THE LADIES' MONITOR;" besides compiling several works in Law, the Arts, and Agriculture. During this part of his life he usually spent sixteen hours of the twenty-four in study. In 1822 he came to Boston as editor of the "*NEW-ENGLAND FARMER*," a weekly journal, then first established, and devoted principally to the diffusion of agricultural knowledge.

His management of the *Farmer* met with unreserved approbation. Having been bred upon a farm, and passed much of his later life in the country, and being thoroughly conversant with the writers on rural economy, he was admirably qualified to conduct such a journal. It was extensively circulated throughout New England, and may be said to have fertilized the soil like rain from heaven. Numerous papers on the same plan sprung up in various parts of the country, but none attained the standard of their prototype. Besides his

editorial labors, Mr. Fessenden published, from time to time, various compilations on agricultural subjects, or adaptations of English treatises to the use of the American husbandman. Verse he no longer wrote, except now and then an ode or song for some Agricultural festivity. His poems, being connected with topics of temporary interest, ceased to be read, now that the Metallic Tractors were thrown aside, and that the blending and merging of parties had created an entire change of political aspects, since the days of "Democracy Unveiled." The poetic laurel withered among his gray hairs, and dropt away, leaf by leaf. His name—once the most familiar—was forgotten in the list of American bards. I know not that this oblivion was to be regretted. Mr. Fessenden, if my observation of his temperament be correct, was peculiarly sensitive and nervous in regard to the trials of authorship; a little censure did him more harm than much praise could do him good; and methinks the repose of total neglect was better for him than a feverish notoriety. Were it worth while to imagine any other course for the latter part of his life, which he made so useful and so honorable, it might be wished that he could have devoted himself entirely to scientific research. He had a strong taste for studies of that kind, and sometimes used to lament that his daily drudgery afforded him no leisure to compose a work on Caloric—which subject he had thoroughly investigated.

In January, 1836, I became, and continued for a few months, an inmate of Mr. Fessenden's family. It was my first acquaintance with him. His image is before my mind's eye at this moment; slowly approaching me with a lamp in his hand, his hair grey, his face solemn and pale, his tall and portly figure bent with heavier infirmity than befitted his years. His dress—though he had improved in this particular since middle life—was marked by a truly scholastic negligence. He greeted me kindly, and with plain, old-fashioned courtesy; though I fancied that he somewhat regretted the interruption of his evening studies. After a few moments' talk, he invited me to accompany him to his study, and give my opinion on some passages of satirical verse, which were to be inserted in a new edition of "Terrible Tractation." Years before I had lighted on an illustrated copy of this poem, bestrewn with venerable dust, in a corner of a college library; and it seemed strange and whimsical that I should find it still in progress of composition, and be consulted about it by Doctor Caustic himself. While Mr. Fessenden read, I had leisure to glance around at his study, which was very characteristic of the man and his occupations. The table, and great part of

the floor, was covered with books and pamphlets on agricultural subjects, newspapers from all quarters, manuscript articles for the *New England Farmer*, and manuscript stanzas for "Terrible Tractation." There was such a litter as always gathers round a literary man. It bespoke, at once, Mr. Fessenden's amiable temper and his abstracted habits, that several members of the family, old and young, were sitting in the room, and engaged in conversation, apparently without giving him the least disturbance. A specimen of Doctor Caustic's inventive genius was seen in the "Patent Steam and Hot-water Stove," which heated the apartment, and kept up a pleasant singing sound, like that of a tea-kettle,—thereby making the fireside more cheerful. It appears to me, that, having no children of flesh and blood, Mr. Fessenden had contracted a fatherly fondness for this stove, as being his mental progeny; and it must be owned that the stove well deserved his affection, and repaid it with much warmth.

The new edition of "Tractation" came out not long afterwards. It was noticed with great kindness by the press, but was not warmly received by the public. Mr. Fessenden imputed the failure, in part, to the illiberality of the 'Trade,' and avenged himself by a little poem, in his best style, entitled "WOODEN BOOKSELLERS;" so that the last blow of his satirical scourge was given in the good old cause of Authors against Publishers.

Notwithstanding a wide difference of age, and many more points of dissimilarity than of resemblance, Mr. Fessenden and myself soon became friends. His partiality seemed not to be the result of any nice discrimination of my good and evil qualities—(for he had no acuteness in that way)—but to be given instinctively, like the affection of a child. On my part, I loved the old man, because his heart was as transparent as a fountain; and I could see nothing in it but integrity and purity, and simple faith in his fellow-man and good-will towards all the world. His character was so open, that I did not need to correct my original conception of it; he never seemed to me like a new acquaintance, but as one with whom I had been familiar from my infancy. Yet he was a rare man, such as few meet with in the course of a lifetime.

It is remarkable, that, with such kindly affections, Mr. Fessenden was so deeply absorbed in thought and study as scarcely to allow himself time for domestic and social enjoyment. During the winter when I first knew him, his mental drudgery was almost continual. Besides the *New-England Farmer*, he had the editorial charge of two other journals,—the "HORTICULTURAL REGISTER" and the "SILK MANU-

AL;" in addition to which employment, he was a member of the State legislature, and took some share in its debates. The new matter of "Terrible Tractation" likewise cost him intense thought. Sometimes I used to meet him in the street, making his way onward apparently by a sort of instinct; while his eyes took note of nothing, and would perhaps pass over my face without sign of recognition. He confessed to me that he was apt to go astray when intent on rhyme. With so much to abstract him from outward life, he could hardly be said to live in the world that was bustling around him. Almost the only relaxation that he allowed himself, was an occasional performance on a bass-viol which stood in the corner of his study, and from which he loved to elicit some old-fashioned tune of soothing potency. At meal-times, however, dragged down and harassed as his spirits were, he brightened up, and generally gladdened the whole table with a flash of Doctor Cautic's humor.

Had I anticipated being Mr. Fessenden's biographer, I might have drawn from him many details that would have been well worth remembering. But he had not the tendency of most men in advanced life, to be copious in personal reminiscences; nor did he often speak of the noted writers and politicians, with whom the chances of earlier years had associated him. Indeed, lacking a turn for observation of character, his former companions had passed before him like images in a mirror, giving him little knowledge of their inner nature. Moreover, till his latest day, he was more inclined to form prospects for the future than to dwell upon the past. I remember—the last time, save one, that we ever met—I found him on the bed, suffering with a dizziness of the brain. He roused himself, however, and grew very cheerful; talking, with a youthful glow of fancy, about emigrating to Illinois, where he possessed a farm, and picturing a new life for both of us in that Western region. It has since come to my memory, that while he spoke there was a purple flush across his brow—the harbinger of death.

I saw him but once more, alive. On the 13th day of November last, while on my way to Boston, expecting shortly to take him by the hand, a letter met me with an invitation to his funeral. He had been struck with apoplexy on Friday evening, three days before, and had lain insensible till Saturday night, when he expired. The burial took place at Mount Auburn on the ensuing Tuesday. It was a gloomy day; for the first snow-storm of the season had been drifting through the air since morning; and the "garden of graves" looked the dreariest spot on earth. The snow came down so fast, that it

covered the coffin in its passage from the hearse to the sepulchre. The few male friends, who had followed to the cemetery, descended into the tomb; and it was there that I took my last glance at the features of a man, who will hold a place in my remembrance apart from other men. He was like no other. In his long pathway through life, from his cradle to the place we had now laid him, he had come—a man, indeed, in intellect and achievement—but in guileless simplicity, a child. Dark would have been the hour, if, when we closed the door of the tomb upon his perishing mortality, we had believed that our friend was there!

It is contemplated to erect a monument, by subscription, to Mr. Fessenden's memory. It is right that he should be thus honored. Mount Auburn will long remain a desert, barren of consecrated marbles, if worth like his be yielded to oblivion. Let his grave be marked out, that the yeomen of New England may know where he sleeps; for he was their familiar friend, and has visited them at all their firesides. He has toiled for them at seed-time and harvest; he has scattered the good grain in every field; and they have garnered the increase. Mark out his grave, as that of one worthy to be remembered both in the literary and political annals of our country; and let the laurel be carved on his memorial-stone—for it will cover the ashes of a man of genius.

 SONNET.

*Written in view of the harbor of New-York, from the banks of the North River
on the loveliest and calmest of the last days of Autumn.*

Is this a painting? Are those pictured clouds
Which on the sky so movelessly repose?
Has some rare artist fashioned forth the shrouds
Of yonder vessels? Are these imaged shows
Of outline, figure, form—or, is there life—
Life with a thousand pulses in the scene
We gaze upon? Those towering banks between
E'er tossed these billows in tumultuous strife?
Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread
One broad, unbroken mirror: all around
Is hushed to silence—silence so profound
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
Into the distance, would, like 'larum bell,
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell.

P. B.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

" This folio of four pages, happy work !
What is it ? but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns."

THEORETICALLY there are few things in the world more beautiful than certain views of the occupation of a newspaper editor, and theoretically also, there would seem to be few drawbacks or countervailing principles, had not practice found out some. Cowper, whose lines we have quoted, was not a practical man; he saw only the picturesque side, or possibly, as journalism in his days was younger than now, there were things done in the green tree which have ceased, or are ceasing in the dry. There is a plentiful and perpetual fall of leaves, but a sad lack of flowers and fruit; though in many cases, hands capable, one should think, of dispensing both, have addressed themselves to the task. But what a man is, as a man, he ceases to be as an editor; his individuality disappears, his sense, his tact, his taste, his good-nature, all merge by some hitherto unexplained process in the inky darkness of his task; and though in his daily life he may retain them untarnished, they shine but rarely through his paragraphs. We believe in general terms, decidedly, that man is a responsible being, but we shrink from the consequences of holding his human nature responsible for the doings of his journalism. There is a custom in India, when a gentleman goes to a tiger hunt, of ensconcing him safely in a sort of fortification on his elephant's back, while a poor Mahout, or cheap Indian, is put astride the trunk, where he is pounced upon first if the tiger makes a spring, and is killed, and perhaps eaten, instead of his master. A clever Frenchman, (Victor Jacquemont,) who saw this contrivance, was immediately struck with its resemblance to the custom in France, of compelling each journal to have a responsible editor—a cruel invention of the French police, to which our milder laws and manners afford no parallel.

But although we approve entirely of the exemption which journalists enjoy in some particulars from the ordinary requisitions of society, we think, in certain points, their immunity goes too far. They ought not to be expected to sustain, as editors, the reputations for talent, and accomplishment, and ami-

ability, which they possess in private life ; but they ought to be called on to keep their consciences clear of offence, and not to disseminate any positive mischief, whether in their own compositions, their selections, or the advertisements which they publish for money. This last clause is, perhaps, of all the three the most imperative—the veriest “stuff of the conscience ;” for, bad as it is to print and circulate noxious things, it is doubly base to touch the price of doing so, to levy tribute on such base evacuations, and thrive on it ; for, in spite of Vespasian, such money does emit an evil savour.

If any one asks, why it is that a man who can do other things well, cannot produce a good newspaper ; the answer is most obvious,—it is because the task is in its nature too multifarious for one man, and not profitable enough to allow the employment of many. If all the editors of newspapers now in New-York would combine and edit one paper among them, each taking on himself a department, something might be done : it is on a plan of this sort that the London Times has attained its superiority and obtained its consequent success. Consider the effects of such a coalition ; what a numerous circulation, what an economical, yet magnificent printing establishment, what variety, what consistency and authority in each department, what an opportunity for advertisers, what attraction for readers, it would offer ! One man might reside in England ; he would send us sketches of what is going forward there,—scenes in parliament, characters of eminent men, details of their personal appearance, anecdotes of their public life, and a thousand such things as these. Then he might look to their learned societies, to the progress of art and discovery ; he might keep us regularly informed of so many things of high interest, which we now learn only in glimpses, or not at all, of which a dozen instances might be given at this moment. Who knows, for instance, in America what are really the present prospects of Atlantic Steam Navigation. Three large boats, we have been told, are nearly ready to set out from England for this country ; but on what new principle do they found their hopes of success ? It is not very long since Dr. Lardner investigated this matter, and proved, apparently, that boats built on the best principles, and with the best machines then known, could not run to advantage between Liverpool and New-York ; though on a single experiment, under favorable circumstances, one might cross. This seemed to be demonstrated, though, we believe, important as the matter was, our newspapers took no notice of it ; but what has been changed or discovered since ? A man who likes to form his own opinions, may look in vain to newspapers for his data ; nor in

this matter, can we tell him where to find them. Again ; those excessively curious discoveries of Mr. Crosse, or hoaxes, which were they ? Did he actually produce life by electricity, or not ? Nobody knows ; there was a paragraph copied from the English papers on the subject to excite our curiosity, and although there is no doubt the scientific men of England have long before this investigated the matter and published the results, we can find out nothing about it. Again ; there was a large iron steam-boat launched lately at the Isle of Dogs ; but why do the English build steam-boats of iron ? Is it to run up shallow rivers ?—they might be introduced in North Carolina. Is it for strength to resist shocks, or sharp rocks, or snags ?—they might do on the Mississippi. Or is it only because iron is cheap in England and timber dear ?—then it bears on the Canada question, of which the English timber laws are an important element. But a man might employ himself in England gathering and shaping information of all kinds as to matters peculiarly English, to make a most agreeable and useful series of letters to be read here, and yet to occupy no more of his own time than he could give to it with pleasure, so that he should always write with that zest and interest which is so sure to fascinate the reader. He would be read, quoted, approved, and sought for, throughout the United States ; and might make himself at once a pleasant pastime, a fortune, and a reputation. Another in France might do the same thing ; another might take Prussia and the North ; another Austria and South Germany ; another Italy, and perhaps the whole Mediterranean ; and so on. South America, Mexico, and the West Indies should be in some way provided for ; our own great West should not be forgotten ; and the home departments having their corresponding organization, all the products of all these climes should be spread before us tastefully as they were collected industriously. Then, indeed, through such a loophole we might really peep at the world, and “see the stir of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.” But now, let us look at the contrast. Does any body suppose that the expense in money of an establishment like this we have been dreaming of, would be equal to the aggregate expenses of the eight or ten most costly papers now published in New-York ? and can any body establish a ratio of comparison between its value and theirs ? It has been very customary lately to illustrate statistics by results in apprehensible quantities, and somebody has said that the newspapers in the United States are equal in mass of publication to six volumes a minute of the size of the Bible. We wish they had chosen some other instance of bulk ; the Dutchman lighted on a fitter one when he said his brother’s

book was "so big as all this cheese." And he might have added, not worth so much by the pound. If any man doubts this valuation, let him only take a pound or a ton of newspapers but one day old, and try to effect a sale of them.

But this comes of being overtasked, of being overwhelmed by a mountain which, whether you are Titan or pigmy, buries you alike. To be bound to an unceasing and unthankful task, to have no one of your talents exercised enough to improve it, but all tantalized and teased; to have your faculties beaten up into a chowder of universal gossip; to review books unread, puff new inventions unseen, battle for party politics undigested, to give reports from Wall street and comments, and a chapter on abolition, or usury, or cholera, or the prevailing topic whatever it may be, and whether you understand it or not, and to get but little credit for it if you do, and then to ply the scissors, collect, and even by way of precaution sometimes read, a hundred scraps from as many newspapers; all this for a fresh man, and for one day's work, would be appalling. But to do all this with jaded strength, with the weariness on your spirit of having done it yesterday, and day before yesterday, and backwards for ever, and to look forward to another endlessness of just such labor, day after day coming round with mill-horse regularity, and the striking of the clock always sounding in your ears like a dun; this is too much to endure. The gems of your thought are trampled down, your very soul is macadamized; and beauty, and freshness, and originality can no more spring up in it than grass and flowers can in the worn and trodden thoroughfare.

If a single actor should advertise himself to play the Merry Wives of Windsor, all the parts by himself, and should fit up a theatre and scenery for the purpose, it might happen, if theatrical entertainments were rare, that we should all go to hear him; but if his success encouraged others, and, instead of coalescing into a company, and dividing the parts, each one should insist on keeping up a separate theatre, and playing a whole play, we should cry out against their absurdity. Yet they would not have more to gain by union, or more to lose by division, than journalists have. A newspaper now is a lame thing, and quite uniform from New-York to Maine, Arkansas, and Mississippi. The European news arrives here usually first; and for it, and for it only, are New-York newspapers demanded anywhere else. The Journal of Commerce recently stated, not complainingly, but as matter of fact, that its circulation was diminished five hundred papers or thereabouts by the Express Mail. And why?—The answer is full of instruction. Because the price of cotton, and a brief outline of news

by the last arrivals, can be sent to New Orleans by the Express mail ; and then a newspaper, with its load of horrid murders, dreadful accidents, and commercial advertisements, is no longer wanted. For this hundredth part of the contents of the paper it was, that five hundred people took the Journal of Commerce, who now like any of their own neighboring papers just as well, this inducement having ceased.

There is a prevalent idea, that newspapers exercise a vast influence ; and this is true, but it is common to infer from it that an editor is therefore a very influential person, and that any given newspaper is a powerful machine ; and these are gross mistakes. Newspapers, like street lamps, give light, and are very useful, and even indispensable things ; but if one man did not light them, another would, and we are in no danger in either case of being left in the dark. The editor in most cases follows public opinion, sometimes he may more properly be said to dog it, while he endeavors to appear to lead ; he is the spokesman and advocate of a certain party, his business is to give currency to their opinions, and to suppress most carefully any of his own that clash with them. Party discipline in this matter has arrived at lengths absolutely horrible, and the thing has caricatured itself into impotence. You may see horrid instances of the breaking down of manly principle sometimes when you look at an editor, a man of sense and spirit, and incapable—journalism aside—of meanness or cringing ; and yet if a President's Message, or pamphlet about the Bank, is about to appear, you can foretell, by the complexion of his party, what he will say about the thing, though you know not what the thing will be itself. One side makes it out all black, the other all white ; and nobody believes either of them. Newspapers have thus utterly destroyed their own influence, as the boy did his credit by crying wolf ; they never by a moment's chance speak impartially, as sane and candid men, but always as they are predetermined by party trammels. We say *always*, meaning almost always ; and when one deviates, his companions fall upon him as porpoises do on one of a flock that has been wounded, and tear him to pieces with as little mercy. A newspaper is taken, therefore, by a man who has his opinions formed, for the pleasure of seeing views of public matters which conform to them ; but not to rectify them if they are wrong. The impartial man reads as he would listen to a lawyer, and very quietly judges by the facts, or waits to hear both sides.

We have gathered together, for the sake of making some remarks on all their contents, as many of the papers of this day (9th Dec.) as we could conveniently put our hands on, and

have obtained the following :—Journal of Commerce, Gazette, Mercantile Advertiser, Express, Evening Post, Star, Commercial Advertiser, American, Daily News, Herald, Sun, and Transcript. We sent for the Courier and Enquirer, but the answer was, at the office, that they would not sell a single paper. Perhaps they were short by accident ; but at all events there is a fault in the system of our larger papers in this—that they count very little, or not at all, on every-day sales, and look too exclusively to annual subscriptions. A London editor sells out his edition each day, and trusts to his own merits that those who patronize him once will come again. But he has a stimulus in the comparatively better sales when his paper is amusing, and the falling off when it is dull ; and he has a criterion of public taste in the greater or less demand for certain numbers, and he becomes, with this stimulus and this criterion, more diligent, and better skilled in his art. The American editors, most of them, consider their subscribers as their property, which can only be alienated by political transgressions ; they are bound for a term of years, and will pay tolerably if they are only almost tolerably served ; and why should one trouble one's self much about them ? A remarkable example of the effect of the daily sale principle, may be cited from the penny papers. Several of them began at the lowest point of indecency, immorality, personal abuse, slander, and scandal. They found, however, that they had struck their level too low, and they raised it ; and in spite of all the clamor one hears against them now, and in spite of some things they certainly do to deserve it, their character, on the whole, has been greatly improved ; and it has been so, doubtless, by reason of the rejection by public taste of the thing they were, and a demand for something better. And now, if you take the London Age, or John Bull, or Standard, and compare them with the much deprecated Herald, you will find the latter like pure snow in comparison ; yet it sells for two cents, while those English prints sold for a shilling sterling (22 cents,) before the reduction of the tax, and probably sell for 17 or 18 cents now ; which proves that they go to a class of readers who are able, and who ought to be willing, to pay for something better.

We shall now proceed to consider a little what we find in the papers before enumerated, and to make such remarks as their contents may suggest ; thus reciprocating a favor they sometimes do us, of reviewing our periodical, and taking the present opportunity to thank them, both for their praise and for their profitable censure. We hope they will be as grateful and docile in their turn, though the process we are about to apply will perhaps be new to them.

We begin with the Journal of Commerce, the largest sheet of the morning prints we have before us. Out of six columns devoted to general intelligence, amusement, and instruction, two are occupied with discussions growing out of the Alton mob, and we think we may say it is too much. The opinions of this paper are independent, and usually well sustained; we are not quite sure how far we agree with it on this most difficult subject, and we would as willingly have its reasons as any body's; but these articles are too long. Governor Ritner's ideas about banking occupy another column, notices of stocks, exchange, and markets, and a report of a case in the Common Pleas, nearly another. The remaining two columns are allotted to proceedings in Congress and miscellaneous items, among which is obtruded a puff upon a certain hatter and his hats, which is a bad example; such things ought to be confined to the columns of advertisements. There is, also, a notice of a sentence of death, and of the offence for which it was passed, of which we take note here for two reasons. One is, that its publication is in violation of a new recognized principle, which is, that whoever promulgates the knowledge of crime, disseminates crime itself. It is strange, but it is true, that each time an atrocity is perpetrated, those who know of it, familiarize themselves with its idea, and are more likely than they were to repeat it. But, in the second place, the details in this instance are indelicate; and those who preach about decency, as the Journal has several times done lately, should do it with clean mouths. The Express, the next largest sheet, and very nearly of the size of the Journal, contains the report of the Secretary of State, Governor Ritner's message, and some miscellaneous paragraphs. It is made up very much like the Journal, but seems to be edited in a fiercer spirit of controversy, if we may judge from an attack on the Post and one on the Commercial Advertiser; the sense of both which we think, if needful to be expressed at all, might have been put with less acrimony and equal force. There is a very silly paragraph about some British invaders coming to a tavern near the Canada line, and bullying the tavern keeper with the sublimely ridiculous comment, REMEMBER PLATTSBURGH, printed in capitals. This is borrowed trash it is true, but trash no less. There is also a paragraph about Whig celebrations, which, strange to say, is short, which is a merit; but when we remember how many square feet of such stuff have been sent us in the last few weeks, though it be but little, seems too much. We rejoice in the result of the late elections, but deeply and earnestly; as a man watching for daylight may hail it joyfully, but tranquilly, because he knew

it must come. Mr. Van Buren's late measures could not fail to bring upon him his late defeat, and why should we crow and clap our hands like children surprised with a present. There are those whose votes have helped to determine this result, who have given them most reluctantly, and who grieve still, instead of exulting. And to them this uproar is an insult. Add to these the voters of the minority, and you will find near half the population offended, many of them irritated and incensed, by all this noise; and what object does it effect? There rests, too, on the authors of these celebrations, a deep responsibility for limbs and lives lost of the unskilful men whom they have set to firing cannon; three such cases occurred at New Orleans only. Think of that, ye celebrators, for ye are guilty; think of it, local authorities, who might have interfered and did not, and remember it hereafter; the anguish and deaths which lie at your door now are beyond remedy; but you may atone, in part, if you prevent such things hereafter. The Gazette follows in the order of size. It is a quiet, sensible paper, and a staunch Whig. Its items are varied more than either of the foregoing, having some intelligence from Central America, and some letters between Don Carlos and his princess, which look like good catering, with a bad pun or joke or two, which are in bad taste. The Mercantile Advertiser is smaller than the Gazette. It contains the Secretary's report, a loyalist paragraph about Canada, editorial, and an item from Tampico; also the foolish paragraphs about "remember Plattsburgh" noticed above. There is also a notice of the Express to its English subscribers, extracted from the Commercial Advertiser, and followed up by one from the Editor of that paper to his patrons in Kamschatka, Babylon, and Babelmandel, which will prove very interesting to them.

If we pass from the morning to the evening papers, we shall find, that as they are intended for a different hour of the day, a different state of the reader's mind, and, in some measure, for a different class of readers, they exhibit corresponding differences in their contents. The morning paper is to be read between breakfast and high change; and the briefest notice of what is new in politics, the particulars of what bears on trade, and a few remarks and items, are all the merchant has time for. In the evening it is otherwise; then, an article from Blackwood, a translation of a German story, and even a poet's corner, can receive attention. Such things, therefore, are provided; and as business advertisements generally are offered in preference to the morning papers, the evening sheets offer a larger surface of selections and original matter intended to amuse and instruct, and a less one of what somebody else pays the printer for send-

ing us—notices of wants, bargains, things lost and found, and things for sale. The morning papers, on an average, probably give five-sixths of their surface to advertisements, the evening less than three-quarters. It is in these journals that literary strength might be best brought out, that something like what the French call a *feuilleton* or literary department might be organized. Here we might have notices of new works somewhat elaborated; here we might have reports of debates, given graphically and dramatically, and made better than they were when they were spoken, by condensing the meaning and omitting the stupidity and repetitions. What an improvement this would be on the existing method, which only gives lean outlines of debates when they pass, and single speeches at infinite length when they have lost their interest; each orator reporting himself, and filling his newspaper alone. Here we might have much of which we have as yet scarcely the germ, and large classes of our countrymen, now comparatively ignorant, might be amused into a sort of education, which would be most useful and improving. As our evening papers are, three of the four we have before us may be said to be about equally amusing among themselves, and all of them more so than the fourth, the *Evening Post*, which is deeper sunk in party politics, and fights more, as if it battled for life, than the others. The *Commercial Advertiser* is remarkable for a fondness for a game at cut and thrust with its contemporaries, and for a vein of quizzing which appears more or less in almost every paragraph. It is an amusing paper, but not influential; its doctrines are not sound, or not to be taken as such without examination. An editor who endorses Animal Magnetism, and such doings as those of the late Bank Convention, trifles with his own reputation. As for the *Star*, Major Noah is essentially a funny editor; he is not deep, and does not pretend to be so; but you will always find in his paper something to excite a smile, and usually a good-natured one, though it is hard to pick it out of a rubbish of absurdity. As for the *American*, it seems to us to carry more weight with its opinions on general subjects than some of the others. Its editor, is one who can bear up, if any body can, against the diurnality of journalism, and avoid, as long as any can, communicating the fatigue he must sometimes feel.

To return to the evening papers, we have a charge to bring against them, which is a serious one; and we appeal to them all with sincere earnestness for an abatement of the nuisance it regards—we mean, the quack advertisements, for which they are the favorite vehicle, and which, in honor and conscience, we think they ought rigorously to exclude. One class of these

base things, and the most offensive one, does not appear in any of the four morning papers we have spoken of; in all of the four evening ones it does. While that blot is on their own escutcheons, it is the height of inconsistency for these papers to cry out shame upon the Herald; for no outrage on morals or manners in that paper can exceed the thing we speak of. This disgusting subject we drop, only observing that the Post is most tainted with it, and the Star least; but there is another evil which affords matter for serious reprehension, and for reflections which would weigh with any conscientious man in a question of admitting a newspaper into his house. We mean those puffs of pills and drops, which, without any foul-mouthedness or indecency, merely set forth fraud and falsehood, as we find in one of these papers that Morrison's Pills will cure "*all diseases*;" and stuff equally absurd, though not so foolishly expressed in all. Now, the subscriber to a paper generally, it is to be hoped, is above such gross gull-trappery; but some one is taken in, or why are the advertisements continued? Who pays for them in the end as consumer? It is our servants, whose sufferings and deaths we may be made answerable for, by putting into the way of their ignorance the poison-vender's puff; or the lottery ticket vender's, which our laws now happily shut out, but which our newspapers, with one honorable exception only we believe, (the Journal of Commerce,) never did. Who touches the price of pollution? who sees a thief, a gambler, a drug-dealing assassin? lying, poisoning, and swindling, and consents with him? serves him with a printing press for a fee, promotes the mischief, and shares the profit? Let those who have done this, and never taken this view of the matter, or never thought about it at all, think now.

It is in this point of view that some of the same papers are really abominations. The Herald, upon its columns of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, presents 130 inches of advertisements, of which 54 are puffs of doctors and specifics. The Transcript, with columns a fraction narrower, gives 134 inches of this baneful stuff, and only 90 of any other sort of advertisements. The Sun has a large share, but not so much, we think, as either of these, but we have not applied the inch measure to it. Here is matter for denunciation and execration, here is real reason for a crusade; and if the respectable papers had been clear themselves in the case, they might have proved enough, and too much, against their penny competitors. One of these gross things, amidst a mass of filth recommending the Widow Welch's pills in the Transcript, gives a certificate signed B. S. Armstrong and Mary L. Armstrong, 87 Chamber street; and a note is added, that "General Armstrong and his lady are

among the most respectable and wealthy families in New-York." We believe there is no such family in New-York, but most assuredly there is none, nor ever was, at the direction given ; nor is the name in the Directory. We must hasten to an end, touching but one more point of the multifarious subject we have put our hands on. This matter of the penny papers is very important, and the mode adopted by the ten dollar prints to put them down, is not the right one, nor can it succeed or injure them at all. Political economy is too strong for declamation ; a cheap paper will sell, and though you may prove it is bad, you can only stop its sale by one simple method, which is, to offer something better equally cheap. There is a wrong principle at work somewhere, deranging the prices of our newspapers ; we know not whether any are sold too dear, but we can see that if none are, some are certainly too cheap. The morning papers, some of them, keep up expensive establishments to collect news at sea, occasionally run costly expresses, and generally act on the principle of sparing no outlay for intelligence ; and yet their price for their paper is ten dollars a year, and no more. Other papers dispense with a part of this machinery, or perhaps content themselves with the news by the mails and by the telegraph, letting their more enterprising rivals sometimes get a day in advance on them ; yet they, too, hold out for ten dollars. These papers are all printed in the night, and distributed at break of day, which, again, is laborious and harassing. The evening paper takes its marine news from the morning ones, prints at its leisure by daylight, and, by way of extra-exertion, never goes beyond a second edition and a postscript ; yet here, too, we must pay our ten dollars. This is absurd on the face of it, but it is not for the sake of the present subscribers that the price ought to be reduced. It ought to be reduced by way of driving out the worse and meaner article, and there is no doubt it could be, and that a great measure of circulation would be consequence. To offer the Star at the price of three Heralds, and attempt, by scolding, to induce purchasers to prefer the former, or do without either, is quite idle, though seven eighths of the supporters of the latter would probably prefer the Star at the same price.

The Herald has been held up of late in preference to the other small papers, by the notoriety it has acquired from the general attack on it for blasphemy and indecency by the press. It lived a long time on its Wall Street articles, which have now lost their interest, but which the other papers ought in the crisis times to have imitated and improved on. All that was required, was to gather up the gossip of Wall Street, true or false, wise or foolish ; whatever was said, was listened to ;

may, eagerly inquired after ; and for this curiosity the caterers of news ought to have provided freely. The Herald did so, and was extensively demanded in consequence ; its low price, of course, aiding the demand. Its editor was plausible, impudent, and flippant, adapting himself to the humors of each successive day, and reckless of consistency or principle. He thought the Herald of one day's falsifying or stultifying that of the day before, of no more consequence than one dog's barking at another ; and the very impudence of his somersets of opinion made them go off with a laugh. Such success could not last long, and, to judge by the number before us, his buffo vein must be nearly written out, his invention appears to be in the convulsions of exhaustion.

The better class of papers should drive out the trash, we say again, by competition in price, and we are fully convinced they could do it. The Herald is sold for two cents, and is, no doubt, profitable at that price ; it is true it is a small paper, but the proportion of its surface which other people pay its editor for printing, that is, the part given to advertisements, is small ; so much so, as to leave 555 square inches in this number of editorial matter and selections, marine news, &c. ; while the American gives, on an average, about 400. We think the present system of giving a man, who subscribes to a paper, three pages of stuff, usually so totally uninteresting, not a good one ; but the practice of sending papers, by mail, with all this incumbrance, is positively a nuisance. A post-office regulation might be made to collect the postage on newspapers by weight ; the consequence of which would be, that the news and interesting matter would be placed on a part of the paper which could be torn off, and forwarded separately, and our mail-bags thus lightened three-quarters.

We pause here, not for lack of more matter for preaching, but to spare space. Newspapers have been too long an irresponsible power ; there is no censorship over them, not even that of public opinion ; for how can its sentence reach them ? The party takes the paper, good or bad ; and what the rival or opponent says is systematically contemned. We propose to take up the matter as far as regards the papers within our reach ; other periodicals, of longer intervals than newspapers, we hope, will do the same ; thus constituting the monthlies and quarterlies a senate of censorship, as a check on the lower house of the daily and weekly press.

M.

Note. It will be but justice to add, that the Commercial presents by far the best compendium of Foreign news.

CITY SKETCHES.

THE UBIQUITOUS NEGRO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIETETIC CHARLATANRY," &c.

I HAVE noticed any time these last ten years a singular looking creature,—some would call him goblin,—prowling about the purlieus of Theatre Alley. This is his place of most frequent resort, but by no means his only one. In this region he has established his ordinary domicile. In the dark Hall that stretches in the rear of the Park Theatre he stalks most at home, in a sort of grim, epic grandeur, as if he held that region as his own. Bell's printing office (or some kindred place in the neighborhood) is his castle; the rest of New-York his parks and pleasure-grounds. This very negro seems to be ubiquitous. Go whithersoever you will, Rumbout is there. He mingles with every festivity, and makes himself an element in every kind of business or pleasure that goes on in this great city. Carry yourself, with the utmost speed, to any part of the metropolis, there, in some shape or other, will turn up this African Ubiquity. Stroll, ride, fish, walk, sail, he presents himself as naturally, and in as good keeping with the scenery you may be amid, as the sky itself, or the grass, the water, or the pavement.

You are in Castle Garden to see the balloon ascend; there is a vast crowd, innumerable faces, colors of dress, shapes of hat, canes, children, dogs, &c.; and yet you feel that the group is not complete, and that something is wanting to the perfect success of the aeronaut; and, just as he is about to slip himself loose from the earth, your unsatisfied eye falls on Rumbout tugging at one of the cords, with his hands entangled, on the eve of ascending as a sort of unwilling plummet at the end of the rope to steady the air-ship. A happy voyage to thee, Rumbout; and be not the fate of Cocking thine!

Again; you are at the Parade Ground in the extreme northern quarter of the city. Before you flash the gaudy coats, gay plumes, glittering sabres of officers and privates; the mimic machinery of battle moves with admirable precision in admirable time. A certain solemnity hangs, like a cloud, over the place as it might in actual engagement when DEATH rides out on his white horse, distributing his darts on either side. Suddenly a mirthful roar shakes the field. You thrust through to

learn the cause, and behold ! the omnipresent Rumbout's arms dexterously pinioned together behind by the bayonet of the guard. He looks like a roasted fowl brought to the table with his arms reversed. He had attempted, with his naturally eager and inquisitive spirit, to get a nearer insight into the mysteries of warfare ; and this is the result.

Chatham Square is a singular locality—"a most ancient and fish-like" place. Any time in the day before two in the afternoon you will see there as motley crowds as may be brought together in Christendom. As every one knows, it is the vendue of infirm furniture, disabled chairs, superannuated stoves, decayed bedsteads, neckless bottles, pots without legs, frameless looking-glasses, shirts without owners, owners without shirts. Finer voices in some of the ordinary keys you will nowhere find than belong to the eloquent auctioneers of the Square. There is one (I know) hath the voice of a clarion ; it stirs the spirit to its very depths, and is like a sudden call to battle. In a clear noon, when the wind is laid and he lifts it up, "How much ! gentlemen, how much ! how much for this small piece of spotted calico ; gentlemen and ladies, how much !" the neighboring buildings shake to their base with the sound, the hackmen pause and listen ; Catharine Street, with its living tides, is silent, and the carmen are astounded in their frocks. If there is any spare coin lurking in any secret corner of the pocket of any human being within reach of his lungs, it will be tolled from its "hidden residence" by this magician's spell. And among the buyers there is at times a voice to be heard scarcely inferior to his. A watch is up for sale ; or rather, I should say, that which was the coffin once of the living works, the vital parts of a chronometer ; a huge, monstrous, unformed shape of metal. Whether tin or silver be the main ingredient in its composition, is not to be decided rashly. A sweet, fluent voice in the throng, however, assumes the decision, "Three pence per pound without the works, three and a half with !" It is the bugle voice of our friend Rumbout.

I have been out in many snow-storms, and always met Rumbout running hither and thither, half bent, with his hands in his pocket or a snow-shovel on his shoulder, looking for a "small job." It always excites odd feelings in me to see a negro in a snow-storm. Innumerable strange and jostling contrasts bustle into my brain, and make themselves busy in framing a many-colored web of humorous association. The absurdity is so bold, between the pitch-black animalcula moving about on the surface, and the white masses piling themselves around him on every side, and pressing upon him from above ;

as if the heavens would smother him to death with his opposite,—a horrid mummy, wrapped in winding-sheet wide as creation. Foul blot on the page of Nature. Death's head in the midst of gay bells and merry shows. Black swan on the clear stream of Sterchio, dimming its pellucid waters. Goblin, dungeon-intruder into heaps of half-molten silver (as are these brilliant snow-heaps) stealing upon him like a dark-visaged thief flushed with hope of plunder. It seems as if the earth should gape and swallow up this inconsistency—this living foe to her fairness and whiteness; yet Rumbout hobbles along, knowing and dreaming none of these things. My vein in this sketch is episode on episode. I love, in a clear summer afternoon, to glide up the East River in a light boat, and dropping anchor near the classic regions of Hurlgate, partake the pleasant and contemplative joys of angling. Many such sunny hours have I spent leaning over the boat's side pretending to be on the watch for the finny prey, but, in truth, deep in a meditation on some by-gone scene, or building up fairy palaces from the ooze below, and peopling them with fish-like nymphs in half-dresses—water-colored silks—with pretty round faces, and a train to their garments as long as a queen's. And every time that I have thus occupied my fancy, about the middle of my reverie I have heard the careful dash of an oar, the gentle dropping of a line in water, and, looking up, have immediately beheld Rumbout the Ubiquitous.

He is never out of place. In crowds look for Rumbout. Of processions, shows, wassailings, riots (in an innocent way), feastings, fastings, mobs, multitudes, he is a natural constituent. He has a face that becomes all these things, and, like the painter who wrought a hand in which he was skilful, prominently into all his pictures, so Rumbout works in his picturesque visnomy upon the ground of these numberless exhibitions and diversions. I doubt much whether a street-organ ever sounded in our goodly city out of hearing of Rumbout. He listens afar off, and soon hies to the spot. No band of musicians ever played in our thoroughfare if Rumbout were missing. He is the man that forms friendships with the drummer's boy, and takes liberties with the third flute-player! It is he that asked the Captain of the Flying Guards, "how much he paid a yard for the flannel in his coat?" meaning his red uniform. No presence however imposing, no authority however grave or dignified, can awe down the spirit of the immortal negro. He has bearded the Recorder in two petty larceny suits; and has threatened Mr. Hays (the ancient Hays) with a drubbing! Omnipresent, Rumbout seems also to be immortal.

He has been called Old Rumbout (I have been informed) since the year 1800. He is "Apollo ever young." He has never looked younger than at present; he will never look older. The principle of life and youth seem to be rooted down deep in the constitution of Rumbout. These plants seem to flourish best in that rich, black mould. Time cannot pluck them up. He appears to have known but one season in life. Surly winter, sad autumn, capricious spring, have not visited him.

He is an incarnation and creature of the golden Summer; gay, with lowering clouds that seem more than they mean, prodigal, content, with fruit and blossom mingled; for Rumbout has never seen want yet. Like the great sun in his favored season that we have spoken of, *he* works leisurely, making a long circuit in his labors; slowly, pleasantly from the morning to the eve. I think Rumbout was educated a rag-gatherer. He goes through his vocation more as if it were an elegant recreation than a gainful mode of life. To appropriate the language of the studio,—there is a delicacy in his touch, a mellowness and freedom in his style of handling, and a picturesqueness in his grouping that render Rumbout the Raphael of his craft!

 SONNET.

Oh, great and many are thy gifts, my God!
 Bounteous, and passing all my low desert:
 Since eighteen years that I thine earth have trod
 With countless blessings is my path begirt,
 And thy kind hand hath shielded me from hurt;
 And if *one boon* thy wisdom hath denied,
 Perchance to win my soul from earthly ties
 And its bent pinion heavenward to guide—
 Let no repining word or thought arise,
 But be thy goodness more and more adored
 That gently led the spirit to the skies,
 Loos'ning of human love the strongest chord—
 Till, from the chain of low affections free,
 Swiftly it swept its holier course to thee!

THE ANALYST.

" His learning savors not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrap'd in the curious generalities of arts ;
But a direct and *analytic* sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts."

BEN JONSON.—THE POETASTER.

THE OSTENTATIOUS MAN.

THE desire to display our best qualities, and obtain distinction for the possession of them, is one of the passions most deeply rooted in the human breast. It incites even the most modest, impels with a stronger energy the more confident, and actually bloats up to an unnatural size the self-love of the naturally conceited and presuming. It is confined to no set or class of persons, but an universal passion pervades, in a greater or less degree, the whole race of man ; savage nations with the most refined communities feel its influence, for it is as well manifested in the desire of personal ornament as in the competition of intellectual power. It was the axiom of a forgotten poet, that "the shows of things are greater than themselves." To a vast majority of mankind this is really the case. Men rather regard externals than penetrate into what is hidden from the sensual eye. We are oftener pleased with some bodily accomplishment, than gratified by a mental excellence.

The extreme desire of making a great noise, is indicative of a contracted mind, which can see nothing worthy of admiration in the world but itself. It preys upon itself, and must itself furnish food for its own applause. It is enraptured with the display of the incidental goods of fortune, and rarely with the intrinsic merits treasured up in nature. Fine furniture, a splendid table, dashing liveries and equipage, smart, foppish servants, a grand house, beautiful grounds, an immense estate, coffers filled to the brim, compose its retinue of virtues. A desire to possess these, and be notorious on that account, is much more frequent than literary or oratorical vanity. The world, indeed, is full enough of instances of the prevalence of the latter and nobler species of ostentation. Although, unfortunately, it is a great injury to the interests of letters, that ignorant men, or mere smatterers, without original or acquired ability,

should be inflamed by the reputation of great authors to turn their faculties in a direction for which they were never intended ; yet nothing can depress this race, but the most pointed pen of the satirist steeped in ridicule and sarcasm. So potent is the charm of this feeling, that it makes the most judicious in their sentiments, and least singular in their conduct, at times really ridiculous. This can only be ascribed to the general ambition of mankind, who, even in the highest stations, always desire to seem more powerful, and, though gifted with the most varied genius and aptest talents, more gifted than they are. With many, religion would be nothing without the pomp of ceremonial, the grave melody of the psalmody and chanting, and the robes of the priest. The courts of law would be no better than an assembly filled with brawlers but for the judge's gravity, the lawyer's forms, the officiousness of the officers, the pomposity of the crier, and the consternation of the trembling, brow-beaten witness. The doctor's face often works greater cures than his physic, and feeling the pulse is equivalent to an hour's attendance by one of the uninitiated. The politician calculates the effect of "the compliment extern," when he calls his hearers honest men, though they may be every one of them arrant rogues and housebreakers. Thus runs the world through the whole catalogue of vices and follies ; only cover them with a mantle, or some veil or other, and they may pass for very respectable virtues. Stripped of this false currency, the greatest heroes are little better, or rather a great deal worse, than footpads—the most ingenious discoverers, but ingenious quacks—the profoundest philosophers, the veriest impostors. Great villainy escapes under the name of high daring and "lofty height ;" while petty criminality is strung up on the gibbet, incarcerated for life, or exposed to an exile that ends only with existence.

The vanity of show that is a weakness proceeding from a feeble mind, and therefore deserves no harsher appellation, is, perhaps, the most common of all others. Though other weaknesses may be pretty equally divided amongst men, there is hardly an individual who is averse to show himself, and every thing of his own, to the best advantage. I shall endeavor to sketch the character of this large class in an individual portrait, the separate traits of which are drawn from a variety of real characters which have fallen under my observation.

The ostentatious man is one who thinks the world was formed as a stage for him to exhibit upon, with whom outward show weighs more than inward merit. He is continually an actor, having exchanged what was unadulterated in his natural character for the finesse and subterfuge of art. The marks

by which to know him are many. These are some of them. Coming into church after service has commenced, with an important air and a heavy step, he will survey the whole assembly as if he were taking a lustrum of the population, or like a general calculating what forces he may bring into the field. During prayers he will hem and cough in a very stern and determined manner, and occasionally blow his nose in a most malicious style. His responses will be louder than those of the clerk, and he will drown the whole choir in his strain of melody. When the sermon is commenced, he will compose himself in a very critical attitude, and give assenting nods to those parts he happens to be pleased with. In other places he displays the same love of ostentation in a similar manner. When engaged in business, he will give his orders in a loud, lofty, heroical tone of voice; when he wishes to be impressive to an inferior, he will assume a remarkable bland and condescending style of treatment, (the most provoking of insults;) and, perhaps, even address the favored person by his Christian, or more familiarly by his nick-name. He will also take upon himself sometimes to be very humble, and confess a long catalogue of petty faults, over which he will sigh like the best penitent of them all, cloaking his large and real sins under a veil of hypocrisy and affectation. To a priest he will speak of his failure in attending church, and take himself severely to task for it. He will boast of his ancestor, who was very likely a great scapegrace; if he happen to be an outcast from his country, he will call him one of King James's cavaliers, who left their homes, fortune, and every thing, to follow their unfortunate monarch. He is very fond of letting you know how many offices he has filled, and to what great folks he is related, whose secretary he was in a certain year, and what great causes he was retained in a few months back. He is a very great man in his own house, though often a very small character everywhere else. He talks in latinized English, and rejects the simple Saxon. He never speaks in the house provided he be a legislator, but is exceedingly eloquent in the lobbies, and quite powerful in the coffee-houses. If you happen to meet him alone anywhere, he soon lets you know what he is, and what his pretensions are, by either calling a servant, perhaps his own, and giving orders before your face, or else by telling the truth plump out before you. He has no reserve in entering a room, but always marches immediately to the most conspicuous station. If he be a public speaker, he privately gives you to know the improvements he has made upon Burke and Patrick Henry. He is ever harping on his influence, and the respect with which he is looked up to.

In appearance he is commonly a heavy-looking body, pursy, big-eyed, with a portentous stare; heavy-browed, with a full cheek, and a consequential look and air, such as belongs, of right, to a constable or justice of the peace. His natural ambition generally places him in some situation where he can gratify this ill-judged propensity to greatness. His heart's desire is to be dressed in some suit of authority, how mean or "brief" soever it may be. He makes a good overseer of slaves or of a workhouse. He makes a good head of a college, provided he has nothing to do. He makes a capital bishop, and will convert the wild geese and turkeys, wherever he goes, into first-rate "tame villatic fowl!" He makes a very good judge, particularly if he is deaf and can take naps with his eyes open. He is an excellent hand at all ceremonials, shows, and processions, where his only business is to display his personal accomplishments, maintaining a dignified gravity and a look of solid wisdom.

The ostentatious man will profess a love of quiet and hatred of all noises, like Morose in the *Epicene*; but he will presently let you see he does not include himself—for he loves to hear his own voice above all others, in spite of his declamation. It may be generally noticed, in a public meeting, that he is the most clamorous, even if he does nothing but shout silence and call to order. He is a great admirer of simplicity in others, and is the first to reprehend any thing like display or conceit on Rochefoucault's principle, that it is our own vanity which makes that of others so displeasing to us. He is accustomed to give fine dinners, thinking, very justly, that the host is the man of most importance at his own table; and therefore delights to assemble the greatest men he can procure to eat his courses, amongst whom he sits the temporary patron and purveyor. "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." He sometimes entertains, like Abraham, angels—unawares.

The company of this man is emphatically the most annoying of the small social evils. Nature, simplicity, freedom are wholly wanting; and you see nothing in his behavior but artifice, assumption of a character and manners not his own, and a solemn pomposity, less endurable by far than the silly prattle of a young belle. He can say, he can do nothing in an unaffected and unconstrained way. His society imposes a heavy weight upon your own feelings. You are made dull by his dullness, and find yourself prosing away (unless you fall asleep) from sympathy; or you are reduced to keep a tedious and slavish silence while he is delivering himself in grandiloquent periods. This causes formality and a forced politeness on your part. Restraint produces constraint. Courtesy

forbids you to interrupt a man when he is declaring to you the plan of his new house, or the arrangement of some old, uninteresting business under his own roof; but its endurance is an evil.

I know of no maxim that can be deduced from all this, better than that *truly great* men are always the most simple-minded and least pretending; and that it does not become us to put on the airs of pride and self-sufficiency, indulging all the insignificant visions of our self-love.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

WHENCE comest thou? O wild and wanton stream!
Leaping from rock to rock with silvery gleam.

Oh! what high fountain
Far up the mountain
Pours forth thy waters to the day-god's beam?

Some hidden shade, some cavern old and gray,
Where dimly shines the light of noon's bright ray—

There feebly gushing—
Now madly rushing,
Flashing the lustre back of sunny day!

See—how the bright waves sparkle in their glee!
Hark—how they revel in their liberty!

On, on they go—
Nor see below
The course that leads them to the deep, cold sea.

Thus man's career begins—then like the wave
Rejoicing in his course, as free, as brave,

Till, sad and weary,
The path how dreary,
That leads him downward to the darksome grave!

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

FROM the bases of the Alleghanies to those of the Rocky Mountains—from the shores of the Mexican Gulf to the marge of the great lakes and the possessions of Great Britain—spreads the noblest, the richest, most spacious, and most delightful valley upon the face of the earth. Unequaled in climate and soil, in natural products, and in commercial facilities, by any other portion of the globe, it is destined speedily to become the delight, as it now is the refuge, of all nations, and the happy home of one hundred millions of freemen. Its value man cannot estimate, though none can fail deeply to realize it. This great territory is mainly the property of the people of the United States—their common heritage, obtained by the common struggle, privations and sufferings, the united exertions and commingled blood, of their fathers. Their title was proclaimed in the declaration of Independence, vindicated at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, and acknowledged at the peace of Paris. Thenceforth it has been undoubted and indefeasible; and the demagogue, who at this day should endeavor to cavil at or restrict it, to fritter it away to an abstraction of sovereignty, or transfer it to the first adventurer who may chance to set foot on a portion of it, is deserving of not merely the contempt, but the stern indignation of the community. He is not properly an agrarian, but a monopolist; not one who would despoil the rich to delude or debauch the unthinking poor, but one who would build up to himself a factitious and circumscribed popularity, for ulterior and base uses, at the expense of the rights and interests of the whole people.

The territory embraced within the limits we have designated contains more than one million square miles, or six hundred and forty millions of acres of the choicest soil. Its capacity of production and of sustaining inhabitants probably exceeds that of the so-called continent of Europe.* The mighty Father of Waters, in his sublime and resistless courses, bears onward to the ocean abundant evidence of its vast and exhaustless fertility. From its widely-separated sources, to its confluent mouth, spontaneous vegetation and culture alike proclaim it a region of luxuriance beyond parallel.

* All the elements of this calculation might, and probably should have been, much larger. We prefer to confine them to such limits as shall include only the best quality of soil, and combine with it eligibility of location.

Of this great patrimony, but one-tenth has as yet been in any degree alienated. The freehold of a few millions of acres have thus far been granted, for a fair consideration, to those who now enjoy it. The balance is more than equal to two hundred acres for every head of a family and every voter in the Union. Six hundred millions of acres, worth, at the lowest price, seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, to say nothing of millions more remotely situated or less strikingly fertile, are now the common property of fifteen millions of people. Have these the intelligence to appreciate, and the public spirit to guard and preserve, this great national treasure? Are they awake to the machinations which would alienate; the paltry intrigues of selfish ambition which would barter; the high-handed assumptions and mal-practices which are even now despoiling them of their magnificent birthright? This their noble heritage—the fair and just proceeds of which would give a substantial education to every child in the Union for five hundred years to come—will they tamely see it gambled away before their eyes for dirty votes for the Presidency? These are questions which the legislation and the elections of the next ten years—nay, of this very year—must measurably answer.

Before proceeding with the scrutiny, a brief glance at the history of the Public Lands may be advisable.

These lands, then, are vested more immediately in the Federal Government by the cessions of the several States in whom the title happened to be at the end of the Revolution; by the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, including the vast territory formerly comprehended under the former title; by the purchased cessions of the various Aboriginal tribes, who each formerly possessed certain portions of them; and finally, by the right of Eminent Domain, ever recognized as existing in the paramount sovereignty of a nation.

When the Revolution was concluded, and the Independence of the country fully established, it became apparent that certain of the benefits of that glorious consummation were thus far unequally distributed. The wide region of unappropriated lands, won from trans-Atlantic domination, by the common blood and treasure, were claimed as their exclusive property by some three or four of the old thirteen States. Connecticut claimed the width of her own restricted territory westward to the Pacific Ocean. Virginia claimed, in like manner, a very formidable portion of the entire Mississippi Valley—each under the blundering charter of some mouldered potentate, who often made grants without any rational idea of the tract granted; sometimes the same district was granted successively to differ-

ent individuals or colonies. It did not seem right to our fathers that these fitful and hap-hazard grants, made without consideration or definite purpose, should govern the allotment and ownership of some million square miles of territory, and strongly influence the destinies of a future population of unnumbered millions. They reasoned justly that the artillery of Knox and the rifles of Morgan had far more to do with its sovereignty than the parchments of kings. After some discussion, therefore, the States, in whom the legal title was royally vested, magnanimously came forward, and, after making some comparatively slight reservations, generously surrendered the whole of the vast domain beyond their own proper limits to the People of the entire Union, to be managed for the common good; the money arising from the sale of the lands being expressly set apart to pay the debts of the nation, and thereafter to be appropriated for the common benefit of all the States. Such was the foundation of the National Domain. The subsequent purchase of Louisiana for fifteen millions of dollars, and the extinction, at various times, of the Aboriginal title to particular sections, have extended rather than assured that which needed no confirmation. The title of the Government and People of the United States to all the lands which have not been bought from them west of the Ohio and the Chattahoochee—subject, of course, to the Indian occupancy and the grants of our predecessors in the government of Louisiana—is as perfect and indubitable as law and justice can make it.

The system under which the sales of Public Lands have for many years been conducted—or rather, that by which the laws direct that they should be governed—is one unprecedented in simplicity, in excellence, in justice. Whenever a tract seems likely soon to attract settlers, and while it is yet an unbroken wilderness, it is carefully surveyed, and laid off into sections of six hundred and forty acres, each subdivided into half sections of three hundred and twenty, quarters of one hundred and sixty, and eighths of eighty acres each. We believe that as little as forty acres may often, if not always, be purchased separately. Whenever there is or promises to be a demand, the lands are offered for sale—at first by public auction. Every tract is so offered; and whoever will bid more than the minimum price of one dollar and a quarter per acre, may secure any one he fancies, unless some one should overbid him, which very rarely happens. A few choice lots—the evident sites of future county-seats, trading points, &c.—are thus sold; but ninety-nine hundredths of the whole remain unbought, and are ever after open to any purchaser at one dollar and a quarter an acre. The hardy laborer in a l-

most any vocation may procure him a freehold of eighty acres with the savings of a year's temperate industry. The woodman, who plies his axe to feed the fires of the thousand steamboats which are found on every river of the West, may have a section if he chooses, and clear it of its superfluous timber by the very labor with which he pays for it. Millions of acres are at all times accessible to all; and the fact is a death-blow to monopoly, and a damper to speculation. The temptation to invest money, save to one who wishes to occupy and improve the land purchased, can never be strong, when it is notorious that millions of similar acres will at all times be for sale at the identical price now demanded. Accordingly, the history of the last forty years assures us that the sale has always been very nearly governed by the actual demand for settlement, up to the time when the great currency experiment scattered the Public Treasure among a host of ill-calculated and worse regulated Banks, which sprung up and expanded under its stimulating influence, like mushrooms after a summer rain. Thenceforward—but we will not retrace the sorrowful though instructive story. The moral monument to the wisdom of the great Experimenter is based on the shattered fortunes and blighted hopes of many thousands of his fellow-citizens. Enough for our purpose, that none can dream of charging upon the Public Land system, as the laws have defined it, the melancholy consequences of popular delusion superinduced upon Executive madness, by which lands were so violently affected.

A dispassionate observer, who has but noted with a careful eye the operations of our Land system—who has marked (and who can do so without admiration?) the unparalleled yet substantial growth of Ohio, Indiana, and their sister Republics of the West—who has studied its various influences in precluding litigation, discouraging monopoly, stimulating industry, and fostering that spirit of manly independence to which industry and a general diffusion of property so materially conduce—might marvel that a system so admirably calculated to effect every desirable purpose, is the subject of unceasing and determined attacks from high places. We do not. Experience has fully demonstrated, that so long as there is any thing valuable in the institutions or the public policy of the country, there will not be wanting parricidal hands eager to work their destruction. And the disciples of Erostratus will not often descend to such paltry business as the dismantling of a hovel, while their ambition may contemplate such daring enterprises as the conflagration of a matchless temple.

Mr. Senator Benton, is in this as in many other respects, the Ajax—no, the Thersites of the national councils. For ten

years, his constant and resolute purpose has been to despoil the People of the United States of their noble and precious inheritance. For ten years has he labored industriously to cajole or drive Congress into some act of insanity, involving the reduction of the price of the Public Lands at short intervals to one dollar, seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five cents, and then giving them outright to the States which may happen to contain them. He does not disdain the less effective yet more demoralizing machinery of Preëmptions, Floats, or any contrivance which shall enrich a few gambling adventurers at the expense of millions; but he never loses sight of the grand movement. Of late he has found still more potent allies in the person of Gen. Jackson, and (last winter, as we regret to state for the first time) Mr. Calhoun; and in the late Message Mr. Martin Van Buren undertakes in this procedure, as in others, to tread warily and distantly in "the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor."

More than two columns of the Message, in the journal now lying before us, is devoted to the Public Lands. From this mass of verbiage—of mystification, qualification, equivocation—we have carefully sifted the following ideas:—

1. The property of the whole people of the United States in these lands, to the exclusion of the particular States in which they lie, is unquestionable. [Right!]
2. The policy of selling these lands for the greatest possible sum, would be wrong. The leading object ought to be the early settlement and cultivation of the lands sold.
3. The existing system is, on the whole, a very good one, and has answered its purposes admirably. [Then, why these insidious and perpetual attacks upon it?]
4. The President, in the face of his own admissions, recommends a demolition of the whole system, by the adoption of Mr. Benton's scheme of Graduation; thereby reducing the price, and upsetting the entire policy hitherto pursued.
5. We have an urgent and zealous recommendation of a new Preëmption Law.

Thus, while the prevailing system is warmly eulogized as a pattern of excellence, we are in the next breath urged to engraft upon it two most important innovations, tending to its utter subversion. Let us hold them up to the light.

Graduation proposes that the Public Lands shall first be offered for sale at the present price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre—and so held for five years; all remaining unsold shall then be offered at one dollar per acre, and sold at that price for five years; again reduced to seventy-five cents, to fifty, and finally to twenty-five cents, at the expiration of each

succeeding five years. After being offered five years at twenty-five cents, they are to be given away, as worthless, or nearly so, to the States in which they lie! Such is Graduation, as developed by Mr. Benton; and though the President, with his uniform regard for appearances and consequences, follows haltingly and gingerly in the hoof-marks of the Missouri Bison, he has evidently been goaded on to this desperate position by the hope of retrieving his late discomfitures in the West through the votes of the wandering Arabs of the Wilderness.

No man of decent understanding can fail to see that this Graduation scheme, if adopted in the shape insisted on by Mr. Benton, will most assuredly divest the people of the United States of their title to their vast patrimony for less than a tithe of its value. The case is clear as sunlight. Who will pay four hundred dollars for a half section of land, when he is sure it may be had five years hence for three hundred and twenty; in five more for two hundred and fifty; in five more for one hundred and sixty; and in five more for eighty dollars only? Who is so besotted as to pay for property now, in ready cash, five times the price that will be asked for it twenty years hence, when he may, at any rate, have the use of it meantime rent-free? But not even here do the vicious tendencies of this measure stop. The new states will not, of course, see even twenty-five cents an acre going into the National Treasury instead of their own when a breath can change its direction. They will simply pass laws, just before the last five years expires, giving to those who occupy, and wish to purchase, the lands, the right to buy of them at twenty-five cents an acre after they shall have been made over by the general government. No one will pay the nation twenty-five cents an acre, when they can buy the same lands of the States on terms at least equally moderate, five years hence. Let no man be deceived or indifferent with regard to a proposition of such vital importance. The first concession made to the principle of periodical graduation will be a virtual surrender by the people of six hundred millions' worth of property to the uncontrollable cupidity of grasping adventurers. It will be a surrender by the old States of their population, their prosperity, and the value of their property. It will be an act of political madness—of gigantic self-robbery. Who, of all the XXXI. misrepresentatives of New-York shall dare to advocate such a measure on the floor of Congress?

Mr. Van Buren does not grapple with this subject *à la* Benton. He suffers I dare not to wait upon I would. He thinks there ought to be a compromise—some "middle-extreme"—something which is equally yes and no. While looking

toward the people, he is rowing altogether toward their despoilers. He plainly sees, that to adopt the plan of periodical graduation is to throw the lands away; yet the squatters must be enrolled in the body-guard. What is the alternative proposed? Hear him:—"Cause the relative value of all the public lands which have been for a long time in the market to be appraised, and classed into two or more rates *below the present minimum price*," &c. &c. "Cannot all the objects of Graduation be accomplished in this way?" No doubt of it!

Here, then, we have a grave proposition to throw all the unsold lands in Ohio and the more thickly settled portions of Indiana, Michigan, and other States into the market at two lower rates—perhaps at one dollar and fifty cents respectively; perhaps at seventy-five or fifty cents for the better quality, and twenty-five for the inferior. The potion is slightly disguised, but it is as potent and as deadly as that of Mr. Benton. None will buy at a dollar and a quarter when the price will soon be reduced to seventy-five, fifty, or twenty-five cents; and, if it should continue the fashion to pay for lands at all, there would be a violent clamor raised in the new districts not particularly favored by this negotiation against the inequality of its operation, and a reduction of the price universally to the lowest rate would be imperatively demanded. There is no safe ground but that on which we are now so impreguably fortified behind the bulwarks of self-interest, equity, and experience.

A Graduation law, on the plan and for the reasons suggested by Mr. Van Buren, would be not only madly impolitic: it would be unjust. When a new territory is first surveyed and brought into market, the choicest locations are or should be sold by auction. Afterward the land may at any time be entered at the minimum price. Now, so far are we from believing that there is any reason for future graduation, that we maintain the superior value of the lands still unsold when a fourth or half has been taken up. Let one thousand immigrants settle in a county of Illinois or Michigan, and the inducements to buy land therein will be actually greater than at first. With the simple statement of this fact—notorious to all conversant with the West—perish the ostensible pretexts for Graduation.

But Graduation is not enough; Preëmption is to be added to the list of our profoundly disguised blessings. The adventurer who, in defiance of the laws of the land—in violation of their express injunctions, and in disregard of their penalties—has planted himself upon a tract of the Public Lands, and proceeded to strip it of its timber, and of every thing valuable that may be taken from it, is to be indulged not only with impu-

nity, but rewarded for his trespass ; though a dozen men are each eager to pay fifty dollars per acre for the section on which he has planted himself, and for which he has paid nothing, they must be refused ; he is to be clothed with a right to purchase it at a dollar and a quarter per acre when he pleases ; till which period he is to have the exclusive use and control of it for nothing. Very accommodating this, truly ! Does any man believe, that if the squatters were not entitled to vote for President and Members of Congress, they would be treated thus soothingly ?

The Preëmption system, in its best estate, is but the revival, in a far more exceptionable and baneful form, of the old system of credits on land sales. That was abolished from a full conviction of its impolicy ; yet now it is proposed to restore it in such a shape as to allow any man to run in debt to the Government for a tract of land, paying no interest, liable to no demand, with no accountability to any one, and liquidating the debt, if ever, when it shall be perfectly convenient to do so. This is the theoretical preëmption, which the President proposes to legalize and establish ; the practical, which prevails even without law, but would expand and flourish beyond precedent under its protection, is much more than this.

There is in all countries and conditions a class of individuals who, with no appetite for the bread of honest industry, yet lack the talents, the acquirements, or the reputation for integrity, which might place them beyond the necessity of manual labor. Various are the shifts, the devices, the experiments, and expedients, to which these resort for the securing of a livelihood. We need not here delineate them. Enough for our purpose that these are ever found clustered in rich abundance and variety around the outposts of society. They are plentiful among the videttes pushed forward by the vanguard of the great army of civilization. Some of them are men with whom the laws are at variance ; others are those for whom law has no relish, and to whom restraint of any kind is irksome. You shall find men now in Wisconsin, Arkansas, or Texas, who have made half a dozen westward removes in the course of thirty years, and each time beyond the beaten track of tax-gatherers, sermonizers, and sheriffs. The next wave of civilization may reach, but it cannot engulf them. Its manifestation is their signal for a farther retreat toward the setting sun. A stock of merchandize within a few miles is sure to be followed by debt, by pecuniary difficulty, and the sale of their little "improvements ;" and they are lost again in the wilderness.

To this class, preëmption of some sort is a perpetual for-

tune ; their principal source of emolument is spying out and pouncing upon the choicest tracts of land—land which they have no idea of keeping—but in regard to which their superior and earlier acquaintance with the wilderness enables them to forestall the real settler. If one of them can but hit upon a section on which there is water-power, or which must form the site of a future village, or even one of some fertility and other advantages for agriculture, his fortune is made. He has but to name his price, and contrive to subsist until it will be given him. With this, he plunges again into the wilderness, and is again dug out by the axe of the industrious settler, to whom he sells a new “claim,” and is once more invisible.

Under this system, the provision of our Land system requiring that all lands shall first be offered at auction, has become a mockery. They are so offered, indeed ; but wo to the man who dares to bid on a tract to which some squatter has put in a claim. A bullet through his brain or a knife in his heart would be the punishment of his temerity. No matter how that “claim” was created—whether by ploughing a furrow around a portion of prairie, by burning a brush-heap, or cutting down a tree ; it is stronger than law, more terrible than justice. Associations of squatters are bonded under the most strict regulations to defend their “claims” against all gain-sayers, as well as to settle the difficulties which will arise among themselves, where every man helps himself in a style so profoundly primitive. It was a capital joke throughout Wisconsin this season, that the squatter’s land office at Milwaukee did far more business than that of the United States alongside of it. Ten dollars an acre is the average price at which “claims” on choice tracts for agriculture are there valued ; although the government has not yet received a farthing of its pitiful ten shillings, and may not these ten years—at least, until the demand has been “graduated” two or three times ! A Peoria paper before us rejoices that a “claim” on a half section in De Kalb county, is worth twenty-five hundred dollars. “The present settlers (continues this exulting bulletin) have had an eye to windward, and have covered the most valuable timber with their claims, each taking eighty acres, with two hundred and forty of prairie contiguous. *As they calculate twenty acres of timber to be sufficient for farming purposes, they will have sixty left for sale, and new settlers who arrive, after selecting such unclaimed prairie as they prefer, purchase of the claimants timber adjoining at a fair price.*” Not an acre of this land has yet been bought of the government ! Need we add one word of comment ?

MY BOOKS.

My pleasant old companions! Here you stand
A goodly company around my room.
Choice, racy spirits—spirits never dull;
Some gay, some grave, some pensive, none severe,
Various in mood, yet changeless in regard—
You look upon me, as you looked of yore,
With the same kind, inviting visages—
Worn may be, somewhat wrinkled, slightly dimmed
But constant, constant as my hopes of Heaven!
Ye are my ministers, ye are my friends—
Not friends of yesterday, but long-tried friends.
What days we've passed together and what nights!
How many heavy hours have you made light!
How many lagging moments decked with wings!
With how much knowledge have you filled my mind!
What wise instruction yielded to my heart!

"The world is too much with us;" outward forms
And things of sense absorb our mental powers:
But you are too much from us, you are left
Too oft neglected in your quiet nooks.
The vainly wise turn from the printed page
To read the Book of Nature—falsely deemed
Impressed with brighter lessons than your own.
Absurd Philosophy! Can men, who act
Life's shifting drama, scan the mystic scenes
That rise around them, with an eye as clear
As they, who, shrined in contemplation, sit
And watch the changes on the mighty stage?
Must all be self-interpreters? must each
Read for himself the characters that lie
Written on mountain, valley, forest, stream,
Or on the surface of the social world?
No! let us rather put our trust in you,
Ye thoughtful sages, priesthood of the mind!
And in your great revealings find the truth—
Truth caught by Genius from sky, air and sea,
Or learned by study on the face of earth
Or in the workings of the human soul.

P. B.

REVIEWS.

The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life ; by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. London ; Edward Moxon : 1837, 2 vols. 12mo.*

THE substantive part of these volumes, and, undoubtedly, the great charm of them, consists in Lamb's Letters. These are eminently pleasant and unique. They show us Elia, in an undress. As an essayist, indeed, Elia was characterized by the quiet, domestic, free and easy costume, in which he sauntered forth before the public. But in his letters the negligence is more completely unstudied ; and the picturesque undress becomes an unqualified dishabille. Yet is he never slovenly or indecorous ; but everywhere,—so far as we recollect, in every sentence and syllable—whether scribbling his confidential pages to a friend or the public (for he always writes as if to a confidant) everywhere *simplex munditiis*. An almost nervous sensibility to the nice and the delicate,—an instinctive relish for all plain and cleanly becomingness, pervade his whole style of composition, and keep it always in good taste, abandoned, as it seems to be, with utter unreserve, to the airiest levities, the most wanton humors, and capricious gambols of thought. It rejects all the forms of logic, and the most standard rules of rhetoric ; yet is it never essentially inconsequential in thought, nor does it leave any thing of grace, of liveliness, or of dignity to be desired, in the fashion and sequence of its sentences. That is—if you will read amiably—looking at things from right points of view ; opening yourself, genially, to the Elia influences. Then will you turn those pages fondly, and with gentle thrills of continuous delight, now closing them for a moment, to pursue abstractedly some wayward speculation they have suggested, now startled into a peal of the wildest laughter, and presently poring on again, with pensive looks, over some exquisite picture, till your eye, perchance, wanders away, moistened by gentle home-strokes of pathos. For one who is “nothing if not critical,” and who insists on viewing every thing in a hard, matter-of-fact way,

* Harper and Brothers have just published the “Life and Letters,” as a preface to Lamb's complete works.

nothing can be easier than to criticise the Elia *opuscula*, and show that, to him, they are very absurd frivolities—paradoxical, immethodical, ungrammatical. For we may say of Elia, as Wordsworth says of some homely little beast, or flower, or baby, or pedlar, or some of his pets—

“ You must love him, ere, to you,
He will seem worthy of your love.”

But how captivating is the ingenuousness, the brave abandon, with which our Elia commits himself to his reader or readers, as if assured of their full sympathy and candid appreciation? And to any one who is willing to return such cordiality, how easy,—nay, how delightful—to accept his funny exaggerations with a genial laugh and a grain of allowance, to sift those whimsical paradoxes—often “in words light as air, venting truths deep as the centre”—to find the “exquisite reason” of his informalities and illogical deviations—the method of his rare and nimble-footed madness, to thread the mazes of his artless wilderness of shy blooms and fantastic foliage, catching with complacency the “sidelong odors,” to supply the fine, *suggestive imperfections* of his statement; to admire how magnanimously he discards from it all verbal amplitude, and, instead of equipping his thoughts in robes or panoply, sends them forth into the world—poor little Eden-born innocents—with nothing on but fig-leaves, among troops that go “glittering in golden coats, like images.”

But space forbids us to indulge in any further remark, or “rhapsodies, an’t please your Reverence,” on Lamb’s style. For the benefit of those few of our readers who have not seen *The Letters*, and the very few, if any such there be, who have not read the *Essays of Elia*, we shall cite as appetizers only two specimens—sentences from his letters, holding no man excusable who does not instantly possess himself of the American edition at least.

Who ever gave more insight into himself, on one page of a letter, than Lamb in the following part of one, addressed to his friend Manning? It assumes no grave look of self-analysis; but how graphic, how luminous, how satisfactory it is!

“ For my part, I am not romantic—but about *Nature*. The earth, and sea, and sky, (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. * * * Streets, streets, streets! markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles, (you may know them by their gait,) lamps lighted at night, pastry-cooks and silversmiths’ shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen, at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire and stop thief; inns of court with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, ‘Jeremy Taylors,’ ‘Burtons on Melancholy,’ and ‘Religio Medicis,’ in every stall. These are thy pleasures, oh London! with-the-many-suits.”

How thoroughly good and Christian is Lamb’s spirit! Yet what an antidote to the moral cant of this mealy-mouthed age, when

one is well-nigh sickened with it, to open Charles Lamb—anywhere, in letter or in essay! In what a fine jumble does he stir up, in the above passage, all the ingredients, good and bad, of a London. How naïf—how honest! He loves them all, as part and parcel of *humanity*—not antagonistic to (though in various degrees perverted from) its original excellency. *Homo sum*, he might have exclaimed with Terence, *nihil humani a me alienum puto*.

Here follows an allusion to the ill-success of his farce. Do but observe the delightful humor and good-nature of it. What a sea of mimic ire he pours out!—

“So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane theatre into the pit something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Hang ’em, how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. ’Twas like St. Anthony’s Temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with; and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breaths through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures, who are desirous to please them!”

We will only say, in conclusion, that the volumes before us bear as ample testimony to Charles Lamb’s good sense and good feeling as to his literary talent. We never read a more judicious and manly letter than that in which he dissuades his young friend Bernard Barton from abandoning the “drudgery at the desk’s dead wood,” (the tedium of which Lamb could so well realise,) and throwing himself on the trade of authorship for a living. Lamb’s friendships were parts of himself—not of his happiness merely—but, it would almost seem, of the very substance of his soul. His life-long, and more than fraternal devotion to his sister, and his fond fidelity to all his friends—diverse as they were in qualities and condition—through good report and through evil report, are among the most amiable traits recorded in English Literary Biography. Perhaps this absorbing sense of companionship and friendship somewhat impaired his appreciation of contemporaries who were personally unknown to him. He seems to have cared little for Scott, for Byron, or for George Canning. So far as this proceeded from a want of volume and universality in his mind, he charged the incapacity of enjoyment to himself we doubt not, as he certainly kept it to himself, so far as his own publications are concerned. In the *Essays of Elia*, there is nothing that seems to sympathize with the interest of romantic narrative or of passionate magnificence. And we like the silent abstinence—the quiet concession of unfitness for those modes of mental action. He provokes no comparisons. He walks about with us in lanes and side-walks of his own; and his self-sufficingness pleases us. Is it judicious, then, in Mr. Talfourd, to publish such a statement as this: “He could find no-

thing to revere or love in the poetry of that extraordinary but most uncomfortable poet (Byron); except the Apostrophe to Parnassus." Lamb never confessed this to the world: why need his executor? If, indeed, something like this ever fell from Lamb in private, we must believe that the editor has overstated it. How absurd to except that single passage from the exuberant world of Byron's poetry! What! The author of *Harold and Juan*, of *Manfred* and of *Sardanapalus*; the creator of *Medora*, of *Gulnare*, of *Myrrha*, of *Zulieka*, of *Haidée*; the bard of the Alps and the Ocean; the music of whose great lyre has invested an entire country with poetic pathos, and made us weep, with nobly-expanded sympathies, over the imperial ruins of Rome, and the smiling desolation of Achaia; is he to be set down, (whatever be the moral and literary faults of his poetry—admit them all,) is he to be set down as an "extraordinary but uncomfortable poet," in whose writing there is "nothing to love or revere?" Does it become Mr. Talfourd so to designate him? Mr. T. is a fond adherent of the coterie or school of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, &c. He has imbibed from that school much simplicity and delicacy of taste. Let him beware of its vice—intolerant narrowness—a subtle form of egotism. Whoever, at any time, greatly pleases or moves the thinking world, or any great portion of it, possesses, for he exerts, some form—some species of power. Whoever, therefore, sets down (as we have heard done) Racine as nought, or Ossian as nought, or the Germans *en masse*, or the Classics *en masse*, or Pope, or Wordsworth, or Byron, as nought, only betrays a constitutional imperfection of taste. Let him correct it. Let him enlarge his humanity. Let him universalize his spirit.

An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, 20th September, 1837, on occasion of their first Exhibition and Fair. By EDWARD EVERETT, Honorary Member of the Association. Boston: published by Dutton and Wentworth, for the Association.

GOVERNOR EVERETT has none of that silly dignity which so often renders our "little great men" ridiculous. He does not consider that his occupation of a distinguished position places him on a height which is unapproachable by ordinary mortals. He has not that most absurd of all sorts of pride, the pride of place; but he is accessible to all who will approach him regardfully, and is ready to lend his fine abilities to all occasions of public use, when the objects are sufficiently important to engage his attention. Some fool has somewhere remarked that Gov. Everett lowered himself by thus acceding to the requests of Lyceums and various other Associations for addresses and lectures. Even if frequent appearances on such

occasions be considered unbecoming the dignity of his office, no one, however captious, could read the results of his efforts without thinking that any station would be honored by the display of so many varied and splendid talents.

Of no modern writer can it be more truly remarked, "He touches nothing which he does not adorn." Most men would have made a dry affair out of an address to a body of Mechanics; but in Mr. Everett's hands all things become pliant and graceful. The great merit of his style is its exceeding naturalness. His thoughts seem to come to him without straining; when one alights, bird-like, upon his mind, it rises as easily on its wings of words as a falcon from its perch. He takes a subject, which has been handled a thousand times before, and models it into shapes of beauty so fair and yet so true, that your chief emotion is wonder that you should never have thought of it under the same forms yourself. Take the reflections on the Steam Engine—

"Consider the steam engine. It is computed that the steam power of Great Britain, not including the labor economized by the enginery it puts in motion, performs annually the work of a million of men. In other words, the steam engine adds to the human population of Great Britain another population, one million strong. Strong it may well be called. What a population! so curiously organized, that they need neither luxuries nor comforts—that they have neither vices nor sorrows,—subject to an absolute control without despotism,—laboring night and day for their owners, without the crimes and woes of slavery; a frugal population, which wastes nothing and consumes nothing unproductively; an orderly population, to which mobs and riots are unknown; among which the peace is kept without police, courts, prisons, or bayonets; and annually lavishing the products of one million pairs of hands, to increase the comforts of the fifteen or twenty millions of the human population.—And yet the steam engine, which makes this mighty addition to the resources of civilization, is but a piece of machinery. You have all seen it, both in miniature and on a working scale at the halls. In the miniature model, (constructed by Mr. Newcomb of Salem,) it can be moved by the breath of the most delicate pair of lips in this assembly; and it could easily be constructed of a size and power, which would rend these walls from their foundation, and pile the roof in ruins upon us. And yet it is but a machine. There is a cylinder and a piston; there are tubes, valves, and pumps,—water, and a vessel to boil it in. This is the whole of that enginery, with which the skill and industry of the present age are working their wonders. This is the whole of the agency which has endowed modern art with its super-human capacities, and sent it out to traverse the continent and the ocean, with those capacities which Romance has attributed to her unearthly beings:—

Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,
Splash, splash, across the sea."

Take another passage, equally striking and more suggestive:—

"Mind, acting through the useful arts, is the vital principle of modern civilized society. The mechanic, not the magician, is now the master of life. He kindles the fires of his steam engine,—the rivers, the lakes, the ocean, are covered with flying vessels; mighty chain-pumps descend, clanking and groaning, to the deepest abysses of the coal mine, and rid them of their deluging waters; and spindles and looms ply their task as if instinct with life. It is the necromancy of the creative machinist. In a moment a happy thought crosses his imagination,—an improvement is conceived. Some tedious process can be superseded by a chemical

application, as in the modern art of bleaching.—Some necessary result can be attained, in half the time, by a new mechanical contrivance;—another wheel—a ratchet—a screw will effect the object; he tries a few experiments; it will succeed; it is done. He stamps his foot, and a hundred thousand men start into being; not, like those which sprang from the fabled dragon's teeth, armed with the weapons of destruction, but furnished with every implement for the service and comfort of man. It is stated by James Watt, (before whose time the steam engine was an imperfect and inefficient machine,) that the moment the notion of "separate condensation" struck him, all the other details of his improved engine followed in rapid and immediate succession, so that, in the course of a day, his invention was so complete that he proceeded to submit it to experiment. Could that day be identified, it would well deserve an anniversary celebration by the universal tribes of civilized man."

Immediately following this, is a flight of beautiful thoughts, suggested by a watch, which admirably illustrates the effect of natural grace even in language :—

Consider the influence on the affairs of men, in all their relations, of the invention of the little machine which I hold in my hands; and the other modern instruments for the measurement of time, various specimens of which are on exhibition in the halls. To say nothing of the importance of an accurate measurement of time in astronomical observations,—nothing of the application of time-keepers to the purposes of navigation,—how vast must be the aggregate effect on the affairs of life, throughout the civilized world, and in the progress of ages, of a convenient and portable apparatus for measuring the lapse of time! Who can calculate in how many of those critical junctures when affairs of weightiest import hang upon the issue of an hour, Prudence and Forecast have triumphed over blind Casualty, by being enabled to measure with precision the flight of time, in its smallest subdivisions! Is it not something more than mere mechanism, which watches with us by the sick-bed of some dear friend, through the livelong solitude of night, enables us to count, in the slackening pulse, nature's trembling steps toward recovery, and to administer the prescribed remedy at the precise, perhaps the critical, moment of its application? By means of a watch, punctuality in all his duties,—which, in its perfection, is one of the incommunicable attributes of Deity,—is brought, in no mean measure, within the reach of man. He is enabled, if he will be guided by this half-rational machine, creature of a day as he is, to imitate that sublime precision which leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second, no, not the millionth part of a second, for the ages on ages during which it has travelled that empyreal road. What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels, and a little piece of elastic steel, to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being travelling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle, that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep palsies alike the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver, nay, when the last sleep has come over them both! I saw the other day, at Stockbridge, the watch which was worn on the 8th of September, 1755, by the unfortunate Baron Dieskau, who received his mortal wound on that day, near Lake George, at the head of his army of French and Indians, on the breaking out of the seven years' war. This watch, which marked the fierce, feverish moments of the battle as calmly as it has done the fourscore years which have since elapsed, is still going; but the watch-maker and baron have now, for more than three fourths of a century been gone where time is no longer counted. Frederick the Great was another and a vastly more important personage of the same war. His watch was carried away from Pottsdam by Napoleon, who, on his rock in mid-ocean, was wont to ponder on the hours of alternate disaster and triumph, which filled up the life of his great fellow-destroyer, and had been equally counted on its dial-plate. The courtiers used to say, that this watch

stopped of its own accord when Frederick died. Short-sighted adulation! for it stopped at his death, as if time was no longer worth measuring, it was soon put in motion, and went on, as if nothing had happened. Portable watches were probably introduced into England in the time of Shakspeare; and he puts one into the hand of his fantastic jester, as the text of his morality. In truth, if we wished to borrow from the arts a solemn monition of the vanity of human things, the clock might well give it to us. How often does it not occur to the traveller in Europe, as he hears the hour told from some ancient steeple,—that iron tongue in the tower of yonder old cathedral, unchanged itself, has had a voice for every change in the fortune of nations! It has chimed monarchs to their thrones, and knelled them to their tombs; and, from its watch-tower in the clouds, has, with the same sonorous and impartial stoicism, measured out their little hour of sorrow and gladness to coronation and funeral, abdication and accession, revolution and restoration; victory, tumult, and fire;—and, with like faithfulness, while I speak, the little monitor by my side warns me back from my digression, and bids me beware lest I devote too much of my brief hour, even to its own commendation.”

What could be happier than that conclusion? The very object he is describing suggests to the speaker the gliding away of his own “brief hour,” and “following the silent monitor, sustained, perhaps, by the impatience of his audience,” he passes to the last topic of his address with so graceful an apology, that it would be fully accepted, if his observations had been as dull and tedious as they were spirited and delightful.

Tales from the German. Translated by NATHANIEL GREENE.
Boston: American Stationers' Company. 2. vols. 12mo.

THESE tales are faithfully rendered into good and not unfrequently elegant English. The translator seems to possess the desirable power of infusing into his native language the whole spirit of the original, without transferring any idiomisms or peculiarities of construction, which might disturb the interested reader with a regret that he was not himself a master of the language of Goëthe and Schiller. With the exception of “The Sorceress,” these four tales, though selected at random, are good specimens of the novels of Van der Velde. “Arwed Gyllenstierna,” which occupies the whole of the first volume, is a tale of deep, well-sustained interest. It introduces, at least to American lovers of romance, fresh scenes and new characters. We can call to mind no story besides this, in which, as a lawyer would express it, the venue is laid in Sweden, with the exception of Miss Jane Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. That was the delight of our childhood's fancy, and many stirring associations have been awakened by the reading of this tale of heroic achievement, knightly constancy, and manly faith. We shall not attempt to wire together its incidents as an anatomist doth his dry bones, and thus present a skeleton of the plot; but, preferring rather to pledge our critical word to the reader for its intense and unvarying attractions, we will assist our assurance of the translator's ability, by quoting a passage of sufficient length. Certain

travellers, personages in the narrative, perform a journey to witness the phenomenon, observable in Tornea, of that longest day of the year in those latitudes ; in which the sun does not set, but can be seen rolling through the entire circle. The party seek an elevation on a small island opposite Tornea, a favorable position from which to behold the sublime spectacle :—

“ The travellers, ascending, laid themselves upon the bank, their faces turned towards the sun, and silently enjoyed the view, at once attractive and awful, there presented to them.

“ The still, clear waters of the Tornea and Munio, upon which white fishing sails are gliding here and there, blushed in the rays of the evening sun, and were adorned on either side by high bushy banks. In the middle ground, the city, with its spires, was sweetly reflected in the peaceful waters. The back-ground was closed by bare and sterile heights, which were linked into each other like a chain, and concealed the opening through which the united streams rolled on in their course toward the sea.

“ At the edge of the horizon, behind the city, shone the nocturnal sun, with rays that with difficulty dissipated the vapors collected by the evening air, as the forerunners of a night which, on this occasion, was not permitted to make its appearance. The illumination had something dismal about it, for the magnificent sphere seemed to have lost the substance of its splendor as at the time of an annular eclipse, and threw but a pale light upon land and water. The silence of death prevailed over the face of all nature. The mills upon the height behind Tornea, as well as that upon the island, were standing still,—the bewildered birds had flown to their roosts,—and the whole less resembled an actual world, than a landscape in a magic glass, lighted by a magic sun, which lacked the powerful life of nature. Meanwhile Tornea's church bell tolled the midnight hour.

“ ‘ Great and wonderful are the works of the Lord ! ’ suddenly exclaimed the devout pastor ; ‘ and he, who considers them aright, has great pleasure therein.’

“ ‘ I also adore the great Creator in the exhibition of his terrors,’ said Arwed. ‘ But I must acknowledge that the silent, friendly, and dusky star-lit night of my own Upland, is dearer to me than this wonderful day. A sun which seems always to approach its setting, and yet never sets, but remains mournfully suspended between life and death, is in truth no joyous sight.’

“ ‘ An image of my poor native country ! ’ said the governor, soliloquizing.”

“ The Lichtensteins ” and “ The Anabaptists ” are founded on the religious persecutions of different periods, and contain many bold points and vivid descriptions, which, from the force and saliency of their bringing out, remind us of the Covenanters and Roundheads of Scott. The Sorceress is a story to captivate the imaginations of children, and to fill them with images of supernatural awe and splendor. It strikes us as strange company for the other three, and suggestive of a moral which is not very comprehensible ; and so far as comprehended, unreasonable and absurd.

Mr. Nathaniel Greene deserves well of our literature for this contribution from the stores of the still unappropriated, but rich treasure of German romance. We trust that his leisure will yet be productive of further results, grateful to cultivated tastes and understandings. With the directness and simplicity of his prefatory remarks we are well pleased, and commend most warmly the example of a man much occupied in discharging the duties of an official station, yet able to find sufficient respite from them, to devote seve-

ral hours each day to learned acquirements and the indulgence of scholarly propensities, conducive, as these volumes abundantly indicate, of advantage to literature and well-earned reputation to himself.

History of Kennebunk-port, from its First Discovery by Bartholomew Gosnold, May 14th, 1602, to A. D. 1837.

By CHARLES BRADBURY. Kennebunk: Printed by James K. Remich. 1837. pp. 301.

A PERIOD of more than two centuries has elapsed since the arrival of those little bands of emigrants from England and Holland, by whom were originally laid the foundations of the flourishing communities now overspreading our land. The old settlements which first received those hardy and resolute pioneers, have now attained an antiquity that entitles them to the veneration of their more youthful competitors in the march of civilization; and we know not a more grateful task than that of commemorating the manly enterprise, and heroic virtues of the pious forefathers, who have, indeed, long since shaken off this mortal coil, but whose bright example deserves to be ever held in remembrance. In many places advantage has been taken of the termination of the second centennial period of their history, to bring before the minds of the present generation the events attending the early colonization of the country; and on these rare and impressive anniversaries, orators and poets have vied with laudable emulation in awakening public attention, and leading it to the contemplation of the origin of those institutions which peculiarly distinguish the American people at the present day. The historical interest thus excited has also given rise to various local works, in which the writers go into all the minute circumstances of the early settlements, and trace the gradual unfolding and progressive growth of their prosperity; and it is unnecessary to say that these publications have been received with great favor where they have appeared, although necessarily encumbered with dry details of facts that possess little attraction for the general reader. Their importance, however, to the more comprehensive purposes of general history cannot be denied, as presenting full and authentic materials from which the condition of the country at different periods may be satisfactorily gathered. The independent researches of their authors must inevitably lead to a more thorough examination of documentary and traditional evidence than would be practicable without their aid; and much valuable matter is likely to be thus rendered available, which would otherwise never have seen the light.

The work before us belongs to this class of publications. Its author has been employed several years in collecting his materials,

and the marks of intelligent discrimination, as well as unwearied diligence, are visible on every page, inspiring the utmost confidence in the general accuracy of his facts and the correctness of his statements. The work is published under the auspices and patronage of the town whose history it commemorates, as appears by the authorized subscription of the municipal authorities for 500 copies, to be distributed among the families of the inhabitants. It may be taken, therefore, as a fair specimen of its class, and, as such, we propose to give it a more extended notice than, from its local character, it would be otherwise entitled to receive at our hands.

KENNEBUNK-PORT was, for a considerable period, one of the most flourishing commercial towns in New England. In the year 1821 it ranked the second in the state of Maine, next to Portland, in the valuation of its property. Its trade was chiefly with the West India Islands, but extended to a greater or less degree, as the enterprise of its merchants directed, to various parts of the world. The subsequent closing of the British West Indies to American vessels was, however, a severe blow to the business and prosperity of the place, from which it has never fully recovered; and in 1831, in consequence of that disastrous measure, its decennial valuation was reduced nearly one-fifth, and, instead of retaining its former elevated position, it had fallen to the eleventh rank among the towns of Maine in point of estimated wealth.

But, beside the gradual recovery of its commercial prosperity, which the author assures us is in progress, a new source of wealth has been recently developed in the valuable quarries of granite discovered within the limits of the town, which, only three years ago, were not known to the oldest inhabitants. Indeed, previous to 1835, all the building stone used in the place was brought from a neighboring town. Now there are four incorporated companies actively engaged in exploring and rendering available these stores of mineral wealth, viz. the *Maine Quarrying Association*, with a capital of \$350,000; the *Kennebunk-port Granite and Rail-Road Company*, with a capital of \$200,000; the *New-York City and Kennebunk-port Granite Company*; and the *Kennebunk Granite Company*. No doubt exists as to the superior quality of the stone, as it has been subjected to various tests by scientific men, who concur in ascribing to it the best character for the purposes of a building material.

The village of Kennebunk-port is situated near the mouth of Kennebunk river, which forms the harbor, midway between Portsmouth, N. H. and Portland. The river is only twenty miles in length, and at its entrance into the sea is obstructed by a sand-bar, on which the greatest depth of water at the most favorable seasons is fourteen feet. After passing the bar, vessels ascend about half a mile, which is the limit of navigation, to the wharves of the village. The harbor of Cape Porpoise, where there is an ancient settlement, is also within the territorial limits of the town.

This Cape is a well-known sea-mark to mariners; and the harbor, although small and difficult of access, is said to be the only safe one for coasting vessels between Portsmouth and Portland, a distance of about sixty miles; and during the dangerous seasons, great numbers of these vessels put in there as a refuge from bad weather—sometimes a hundred in one day. We had supposed, however, that Winter Harbor, a few miles east of Cape Porpoise, was a common and safe resort for coasters at all seasons. It is certainly much easier of access than either Kennebunk-port or Cape Porpoise harbors; and BLUNT, in his excellent "*Coast Pilot*," remarks, that if vessels are too much exposed at the usual anchorage at Winter Harbor, "they may run into the Pool, and lie safe from all winds." We are the more surprised at the statement of our author on this subject, as he is understood to possess a large share of nautical information, acquired by experience as well as through the medium of books and charts, which qualifies him to give a correct opinion; and we are unwilling to question his impartiality for a moment, especially in regard to a matter of some practical importance to navigators.

For more than a century after its first incorporation, the settlement at Cape Porpoise, which was the oldest, was also the wealthiest and most populous part of the town. The name of the Cape was given to it by Captain Smith, of Virginia memory, during a survey of the coast in the year 1614; and the town was known by no other until the following century, when, in 1718, it received the name of ARUNDEL, in compliment to the Earl of Arundel. This was again changed in 1821, for the present name, by which, indeed, it had been long best known in the commercial world, as the revenue district to which it belonged was called the District of KENNEBUNK, from the large and flourishing village of that name in the adjoining town, where the custom-house was situated and the collector resided. The harbor of Wells, a few miles west of Kennebunk-port, was embraced in the same district.

In assigning the date of the first discovery of Cape Porpoise, Mr. Bradbury is lead to investigate a question of some historical interest, in relation to the celebrated voyage of GOSNOLD, the English navigator, who has the credit of being the discoverer of New England. The voyage was performed in the year 1602, and our author supposes that the first land seen by Gosnold, on his arrival upon the coast, was Cape Porpoise. The reasons given for this opinion are derived from an account of the voyage written by one of the passengers, (who came out for the purpose of establishing a colony in Virginia;) but as it is not pretended that Gosnold landed until he reached the southern coast of Massachusetts, the discovery of Cape Porpoise, if really made, was not such as would have given him the right of possession, even according to the loose notions of property in *continents*, acquired by first discovery, prevalent at that period. Moreover, there appears to us little reason to doubt

that Sebastian Cabot, in 1498,* and Verazzano, in 1524, both visited that part of the American coast, and are as likely to have *seen* Cape Porpoise as Gosnold himself. So that, admitting the correctness of our author's reasoning as to the land first seen by the latter, it does not follow that the first discovery of New England, or Cape Porpoise, was made by him; and we therefore regret the prominence given to this supposititious statement on the title-page of the work, where the name of BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD is so conspicuous, that a friend of ours mistook it for the name of the *author*.

The precise date of the first settlement at Cape Porpoise is involved also in doubt and uncertainty, owing to the loss of all the early records, and the absence of other testimony on this point. It is supposed, however, with good reason by our author, that the Cape was inhabited soon after the settlement of the Plymouth Colony, if not before; and, as it presented considerable advantages as a place of rendezvous for the fishermen on the coast, in whose wake one or more traders usually followed, it was probably visited by them nearly every summer after the country became sufficiently known to attract persons engaged in those pursuits. Smith, to whose survey of the coast in 1614, allusion has been already made, published an account of his voyage two years after, in which he describes his great success in fishing and trading for beaver with the natives. To him, it appears to us, belongs the credit, ascribed by our author to Gosnold, of discovering Cape Porpoise; for he was the first navigator who is known to have visited it, and by his description pointed it out to others. After his visit and survey, the whole coast of Maine began to be frequented by English vessels in considerable numbers, and favorable points were selected, where fishing "stages," or wattled frames for drying the fish, were erected. Richmond Island, near Portland, Winter Harbor, Cape Porpoise, &c., were all resorted to for this purpose at the earliest dates. "Stage Island," at Cape Porpoise, derived its name from the use to which it was thus applied. On this island were the earliest settlements made; and it was not until a period comparatively recent, that the populous village on the river came into notice, as at the close of the revolutionary war it contained only four houses and one inconsiderable wharf.

The oldest deed on record of land in Kennebunk-port bears date July 13, 1643. It is a grant to Morgan Howell from Thomas Gorges, deputy governor of the Province of Maine, under the Lord Proprietor, Sir Ferdinand Gorges. But as early as 1632, Gov. Winthrop, in his Journal, mentions the removal of one Jenkins from Dorchester to Cape Porpoise; so that there can be no doubt the settlement was in existence at that date, and probably much earlier.

* Mr. B. does not appear to have met with the "Memoir of Sebastian Cabot," published a few years since—a work of most thorough research and extensive learning on the subjects of which it treats.

Some of the inhabitants came over with the Saco colonists in 1630, and received grants of land from the patentees on that river. Of this number was William Scadlock, whose plantation was subsequently found to be within the limits of Cape Porpoise. Scadlock died soon after the Restoration, leaving a will which is somewhat peculiar in its character. Among the bequests are the following: "I bequeath unto my daughter Susanna Mr. Cotton's work upon the new covenant of grace; I bequeath a book entitled, Meat out of the Eater, to my son William; and to my son John I bequeath a book concerning Justifying Faith; and the Practice of Piety to Rebecca; and to my daughter Susanna, A Sucking Calf called Trubb."

There was an early connexion between the towns of Saco and Cape Porpoise, both in religious and secular affairs. The former, as the seat of government under the provincial jurisdiction of Gorges, was a place of some note; and the inhabitants of Cape Porpoise, in default of having a minister of their own, were required by law at one period to attend public worship there on the Sabbath. This arrangement gave rise to occasional jealousies, as may appear by the following presentment of a Grand Jury: "We present Francis Small, who, speaking of the men that came from Cape Porpus to Sacoe, sayd, should they be ruled by the *Roges* that came out of the rocks of Cape Porpus." It is added, however, that "Noe Legall prooffe of this presentment appeared." Gregory Jeffery, an old planter, who died in 1661, bequeathed, in the words of his will, "unto the Church of Sacoe, to carry on the worship and service of God, one stear," and to his "kinsman Charles Potum, a 2 years old heiffer called Rose." It would seem that one at least of the "rogues" at Cape Porpoise entertained generous views towards the rival settlement.

For a long time the only travelled road from Portsmouth to the eastern limits of Maine crossed the mouth of Kennebunk river, where the water was so shallow as to admit of its being forded. The same road led to a ferry near the mouth of the Saco, and continuing along the sea-shore, crossed Scarborough river to Cape Elizabeth, and to Casco, afterwards Falmouth, now Portland.

It was not until the second century of the settlements that an upper road was laid out, by which the distance was considerably shortened. Mr. Bradbury has thoroughly investigated this matter, and successfully corrected the errors of previous writers relating to it.

Our author's notices of the early clergymen are exceedingly curious and interesting, one of whom, Rev. John Eveleth, being advanced in years, was at his own request discharged from the duties by a vote of the town. "The inhabitants," says Mr. Bradbury, "were very unwilling he should leave them, as he was not only their minister and schoolmaster, but a good blacksmith and farmer, and the best fisherman in town." Another prominent pastor was the

Rev. Seth Fletcher, who was at Cape Porpoise in 1661, and afterwards at Elizabethtown, N. J. Our author has thrown some light upon this gentleman's history ; but we think he is hardly authorised to assert that there is no allusion *any where* to a connexion by marriage between him and Major Pendleton, a distinguished citizen of Maine. Having had occasion to trace Mr. Fletcher's career, we hope to have an opportunity hereafter of showing Mr. B. that he has not collected *all the facts* that exist respecting him, diligent as he has been. The account given of the difficulties with Rev. Mr. Hovey, in later times, is one of the most instructive and painfully interesting portions of the book. Having fallen into disrepute with many of his parish, strenuous efforts were made to induce him to retire. At length a council of ministers was called, before whom charges were laid against him, some of which were of a most frivolous and malicious character. The following is given as a specimen—"One day undertaking to kill a calf, instead of cutting the animal's throat as was the usual way, he cut its head off with an axe." This, in the language of one of his deacons, "was a cursed piece of cruelty, wholly unpardonable in a minister."

But our limits will not allow us to extend this notice to a greater length. We can only say further, that Mr. Bradbury "has done the state good service" by his valuable publication, and we hope to see his example followed by others, until every important city and town in our country shall have its early history investigated, and written with equal diligence and good taste.

A popular and practical introduction to Law Studies. By SAMUEL WARREN, ESQ., of the Inner Temple, F. R. S. From the London Edition. Philadelphia. John S. Littell. 1836.

A VOLUME bearing the above promising title, has lately issued from the London press ; fulfilling, as we believe, in a great measure, the hopes and desires of the professional men of that country in regard to its long-needed publication. It seems to be, as it professes, a "popular" work, especially with those who can appreciate its value, and who can, with the eye of wise benevolence, foresee its usefulness. English reviews speak highly both of the work and its author ; and we take for granted, from their usual eager appetite for criticism, that when they praise, they do but give tone to the plaudits of the literary sphere which they represent. We do not wonder that the "Popular Introduction" is a favorite with the "profession." A work of the kind, well digested, and written in a

captivating style, had long been a desideratum, both with the learners and the learned in the Law : a volume disheartening neither in size nor detail, to be placed first in the hands of the pupil to interest and embolden him ; one which, like that before us, falls between the classes of "text-books" and "light reading," containing the instruction of the one and the amusement of the other ; one, in short, which judiciously combines the useful and the agreeable ; and such, we think, is the book of which we are speaking. Let it be placed at first in the student's hand to be read and re-read, for much of it is worth remembering. It will give the youth an exciting and guiding view of the region which he is approaching, and through which his eye must slowly and closely wander ; it will entice him to a faint and far-off glance of the Mount of Justice, and the Goddess above, with scale in hand, adjusting, with refined balance, the opposing weights of right and wrong ; of the suitors crowding in hope to her temple ; of the tortuous and narrow paths which lead to the commanding summit, whence cloud and mist are driven by the sun of truth.

Were the volume before us more of an American work ; were its pages not so often wholly monopolized in describing the details of a system of practice which in numberless respects is widely different from ours ; were its topics more unconfined and general, we could cheerfully and warmly congratulate those of this country who are about to commence a legal noviciate, upon its appearance amongst us. But we are afraid that its exclusive character will prevent any very extended advantage arising from its use on this side of the Atlantic, and that it is to be considered by us rather as an example of literary excellence and extra-judicial instruction, than a work to be read and studied professionally. It may, indeed, do much to dissipate that prevailing prejudice against the law, which would set it down as a "dry" and ignoble study in itself considered, and only worth attending to as a sort of passport to political eminence, a training which every statesman must undergo ; that prejudices which, judging of a noble class by a few unworthy members, would call Lawyers rogues and clients their victims ; we hope it will have at least that happy effect, if no more ; for such a prejudice is a constant and heavy weight upon the profession. It may, too, which is still more to be desired, excite to imitation ; would that some master hand would seize the pen so well but so narrowly wielded, and give us what we so much lack, a "Popular Introduction to American law." Attempts, it is true, have been made with us, but no work has appeared, equal in excellence, to the great and increasing demand.

We have before us a reprint of the London edition of the work above-mentioned. It comprises somewhat more than a single number of the "Law library," a valuable periodical issuing monthly from the press of John S. Littell of Philadelphia, and edited by Thomas J. Wharton, a member of the Pennsylvanian bar. Mr.

Wharton professes to publish the latest and best of the English periodical productions; and in this, the only undertaking of the kind with which we are acquainted in the country, he has acquitted himself creditably.

The author of the "popular introduction" is Mr. Samuel Warren, a gentleman already favorably known to the literary and reading world as the author of the "Diary of a Physician;" which some time since appeared in this country under cover of "Harper's Family Library." Like that which was, if we mistake not, the last effort of Mr. Warren, the work now before us is well and often eloquently written. His style is sprightly and vivacious, full of life and vigor; at times, indeed, too much so for those who are fond of simplicity in composition. Notwithstanding the general appropriateness of thought and language which marks the work, there is an occasional pedantry of style, a straining after effectiveness and point, which will displease the ear of an admirer of the easy flow of Addison, Scott, and Irving. Many of his passages are too labored, too highly wrought, too "gouffe;" especially for a writer on so solid a subject. Nevertheless we are greatly pleased with Mr. Warren's work. Though it is not faultless, it is in sentiment and method excellent; and thoroughly sustains the reputation acquired by the writer. We have been particularly captivated by the exalted views which the author gives of the study of the Law. He seems to feel fully the noble character of his profession—its vast importance, its pure benevolence—and he describes his feelings eloquently.

Mr. Warren's method is lucid and comprehensive. His book comprises the most important objects of thought and effort for the student. He has also disposed them in a consecutive order, which renders them more instructive and easy to be remembered, and referred to if occasion requires. He ascends gradually from a general mental training, to the great principles of the science of which he peculiarly treats; and through the whole course which he marks out, he follows the youth like a wise father with wholesome and appropriate advice. Never leaving him, never silent in warning and encouragement, he leads him through the difficulty into which his eager rashness may bring him, and draws him kindly from the "Slough of Despond" into which he has fallen in his sometimes weary way. He watches over him from his outset to his hard-won triumph, and then leaves him to be guided by his own steadiness—"Nare sine cortice."

The "Introduction" treats principally of the bodily and mental qualifications which are, as the author says, indispensable for one who is seeking legal distinction; and of the present general condition of English Law. It also declares the author's intention of pursuing the analytic mode of communicating knowledge, and his authority for so doing. To instance the kind of warnings and advice which he gives to the young aspirant for legal distinction, we quote from different pages his remarks upon the slight dependence

which should be placed by the young student on the adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune :—

"No profession requires, for its successful prosecution, such sedulous and scientific inchoation as that of the Bar; for it is notorious that its members must depend, from first to last, almost exclusively upon their personal qualifications. * * * As for great family connexions, they are often little else to the Law student than a splendid encumbrance. In almost every other profession a man may succeed, as it were, by deputy; may play Bathyllus to Virgil; may rely on many adventitious circumstances; but at the Bar it is far otherwise,—'Proprio Marte' is the motto of all; there the candidate must strip, take his place at the post, and start fair with his competitors—the Honorable son of an Earl, straining and panting beside the ignoble son of a peasant—in the desperate race towards the goal of professional distinction. What signifies it to the student, that the 'blood of all the Howards' rolls in his veins, if he is distanced, or perhaps knocked up at starting, but to enhance the agonies of defeat? * * * * Legal office, of any kind, can now be rarely obtained, or at least kept, by any one who is not able to discharge its duties; and in order to do so, the candidate must

'Doff his sparkling cloak, and fall to work,
With peasant heart and arm,'

and forget, for a while, grand connexions, fastidious tastes, and fashionable life."

We cannot agree with Mr. Warren fully in his views with regard to the physical condition of the student. He requires too much from Nature and Art; too great an approach to perfection in mind and body; particularly in the latter. We cannot agree with him in regard to the matter of physical disability as he states it. We cannot think that "perpetual exercise of the voice is so soon to overwhelm the young practitioner: that "excitement and ceaseless wearing of body and mind" are so inevitably to kill him. What youth is forced, immediately upon his admission into practice, into this "violent exercise of the voice," this "ceaseless wearing of body and mind," which our author holds up to fright him away from the profession? No; the reverse is the case. Full time is given for practice of lungs and nerve; for regular, gradually-increasing practice of voice, than which nothing is more beneficial; which is, indeed, an almost certain cure of weakness of lungs. Let us take, for example, a young man of fine talents, bright imagination, great sensibility, weak nerves and weak lungs. A strong example: one which falls in as much as possible with the constitution so roughly warned away by Mr. Warren from the noble study of the Law. He is admitted to the bar with all his frailty of constitution: happy moment! the world of honor, of literary and political honor, lies before him. But though hope is busy, reality brings but few clients. He waits long in impatience; but at last the Golden Moment comes, and our hero makes his first effort. Alas! he did well, but he has lost his first cause; what heart-burnings ensue! But, what is still more alarming, perhaps the effort, though it be small, had irritated and weakened his chest. He consults a physician—nay, a physician need not be consulted, any one can tell him, many from experience, all "honestly," that his case is not hopeless; that he may yet adorn his profession. Who does not

know that the weakest lungs may be strengthened and invigorated, the most attenuated voice made superior to fatigue, by daily practice in reading aloud ; by speaking and singing, at regular periods ? If he is not already attacked by disease, his lungs may be hardened, and he prepared for any trial which may come with his increasing business and eminence by this simple process. But the heart-burnings, the anxiety, the mortification, the "excitement," the "ceaseless wearing of body and mind," what becomes of them ? Ask that middle-aged, even that still young attorney, who, amid the toil and trouble of an important cause, a crowded room, a trying moment, is calm, unmoved ; nay, jesting with those about him ; how he bears the wear and tear of mind and body of which our author speaks ; and he will reply—"Every lost cause, every disheartening event, in my professional career, made me almost become a legal suicide ; made me despair, and almost resolve to quit my calling, hardly entered upon. It is always so, but now I am 'case-hardened,' and you will soon become so ; do not be foolishly sensible to defeat."

It is plain that our author is somewhat too decisive in regard to the criterion of physical qualifications which he has fixed for those who hope to become renowned in the Law. He is, perhaps, also too much so in regard to his mental qualities : he traces the outlines of an almost perfect mind ; of a mind the like of which seldom can be found—whose resemblance whole ages have not produced. We are much afraid that all who look forward to renown (and what young man does not ?) will fling down our author's work in despair, and exclaim, "who is able for these things ?" Who would, in hope at least, be content to look forward to obscurity, or even mediocrity—and yet who has, at starting in the race of public life, the "indispensable" qualifications mentioned by Mr. Warren ? Thousands have become distinguished, many greatly so, who began, nay continued long their course, wanting in the greater part of the qualities which our author holds up for guides in self-examination. We think that a man of good, though not extraordinary intellect, may improve his "lungs" and "memory," his "voice" and his "judgment," his mind and his body. In short, almost every requisite quality is *acquirable* by diligence, industry, and application. There are natural, there are artificial traits of mind and body, of feeling and character ; he is happy whom nature endows, he is as happy whom perseverance crowns with success. Such is our doctrine of greatness, let those who are experienced test our orthodoxy. Instead of warning, we think Mr. Warren should have encouraged to renewed, to stronger exertion. Mind, like soil, may be vastly improved by industry, by stern, untiring, ambitious, industry. Natural qualities are sometimes neglected in proportion to their value. Acquired qualities are prized in proportion to the difficulty of their attainment. Let a young man, with due reflection, fix upon a profession, then perform his duty to himself ; and he will, in nine cases out of ten, succeed nobly.

We shall conclude these remarks, by giving a passing notice to a

subject upon which Mr. Warren has only touched—and that too in the midst of a most technical and uninviting part of the volume—but still touched in a happy manner—a subject of vast importance to those whom he endeavors to instruct and enlighten :—

“No abilities, however,” he says, “no acquirements or accomplishments, can supply the place of *strict integrity*. Innumerable are the opportunities which an attorney has, if so minded, of playing the rogue with impunity. Nothing is concealed from him : his clients’ fortunes, and often their characters, are placed completely within his control. The very nature of his employment, in short, is such as to surround him with facilities for committing fraud ; and there have been, only lately, some very grievous instances of persons who have yielded, in an evil hour, to temptation ; inflicting ruin upon those who reposed in them the most generous and implicit confidence ; who, breaking their sacred obligations alike to the living and the dying, have ruthlessly robbed even the widow and the fatherless of all upon earth. There have been such cases ; but one can ask, with glorious confidence, ‘What are they among so many’ that stand—

‘——— unmoved in their integrity,
Immoveable.’

Let the student read soberly, thoughtfully, and attentively, these few but touching and solid remarks of our author. Then, with increased desire for profit, let him turn to a volume which has, within a year if we mistake not, passed into a new and enlarged edition. We refer to a work styled, “A Course of Legal Study,” by Mr. Hoffman, who was for some time professor of law in the university of Maryland. Let the student read and ponder, among other excellent things in this volume, Mr. Hoffman’s fifty rules or resolutions, to be adopted by all practitioners of law. They are, indeed, truly excellent, and cannot fail to please the ingenuous and honorable youth. They exhibit also, in a high degree, the great and lofty morality in the professional theory and practice of the writer—a morality which would adorn the character of the learned and great of every station in life. Let a young man read these resolutions, and Mr. Hoffman’s other remarks on the subject, and he will soon begin to see the value of honorable conduct and exalted motive in his profession ; he will soon perceive that a firm, immoveable foundation of honest and gentlemanly feeling and deportment must be surely laid, upon which to build the structure of usefulness and greatness. Such considerations as these should be the alpha and omega of the aspiring and ambitious youth—the bosom friends, the cherished companions, of the lawyer—“his guides, his counsellors, his friends,”—foremost to bless him in every undertaking, last to leave him at the close of his duties. Let him but lose sight of them, and temptation may wreck and ruin his character. Let honor be his sun, around which his other qualities of mind or of disposition may revolve, warmed and lighted by its rays. Known morality, and stern honesty will ensure a man the favor and countenance of the best part of his profession. Looseness, and vulgarity of life and manners will weigh him down, till he becomes mingled with the dregs of the court rabble—the filth which pollutes the temple of Justice.

Recollections of a Southern Matron. By CAROLINE GILMAN, author of "Recollections of a New-England House-keeper." New-York : Harper and Brothers.

A LIST of the killed and wounded in this book would be a satisfactory appendix. We no sooner make this remark, than it sounds unkindly ; but we are provoked at the constant deaths of very nice people, which are made to take place in rapid succession. No new character is introduced which we do not expect to hear something awful about. First, our "Southern Matron" tells us of the death of her grandfather. Now, most persons have lost their grandfathers, and it would be thought quite superfluous for them to describe the manner of their deaths with circumstantialities. This is the first effort to put the reader's sensibilities upon the rack. The next is the demise of a very excellent and very dignified old grandmother. Then comes the departure of a Mr. Charles Duncan, one of your lofty, *spirituel* young men, with a high, white forehead, faultless symmetry, &c., who was our matron's tutor when she was an artless girl just budding into womanhood. He died partly of love, unrequited love, for herself, but chiefly of consumption. Then we are made pleasingly wretched by the death of Jacques, a faithful old negro, who left his "young missis" a pocket-book containing some continental money. A few chapters afterwards, two very charming young persons, who had been recently married, are killed off barbarously, although they were the author's particular friends. The gentleman, it seems, died in a fracas, and the lady in a crazy paroxysm soon after. The story of Lewis and Anna is so painful that it becomes revolting. They are scarcely cold in their graves, before our matron's (then a young lady) brother falls in a duel, as it was supposed, mortally wounded. We had made up our minds to lose him also, when he recovered. But we are soon "in at the death" once more. Maria Alwyn, a beautiful girl in the neighborhood, dies ; and we see her in her shroud, cold, helpless, and hear the bitter bewailing of her mother. Next, incidentally, we are told of the horrible death of a poor dumb negro-woman and her child ; then of a negro nurse, who was burned to death ; then, *en passant*, of still another negro woman's demise. As if the "Insatiate Archer" had not been sufficiently busy, we are finally distressed at a recountal of the sudden death of our matron's first-born. It may be pleaded, in extenuation of all these horrible incidents, (a fire or two is thrown in,) that they were real ; but if they occurred precisely as related, they should not have been compressed all into one volume. At least two thirds of them might have been judiciously omitted. The reader's sensibilities become completely wearied by these calamities, till at last no sympathetic emotion is excited, and no interest felt in the narrative. We say all this in kindness, though it is impossible that the simple mention of such facts, apart

from their drapery of fine words and similes, should not impart an air of ridicule to the whole.

The fault of our authoress, observable after her uneasy desire to raise our sorrows, is that of an equally constant endeavor to instruct us, by an amplification of the inferences to be deduced from various points of her story. She stops frequently to moralize and apostrophise—the effect of which is, after a perusal of the first chapters, to make the reader hurry over all that is not purely narrative. Now, if we were sometimes left to draw our own conclusions and make our own reflections, the effect of the whole would be better, both for instruction and amusement. The author should take her lessons from Miss Sedgwick, who never prosed on any occasion, though she teaches many solemn truths.

We do not very plainly see why this little work is called "*Recollections of a Southern Matron.*" The preposition should have been *by*; for, instead of being favored with any matronly recollections, we have scarcely any thing but the memoirs of the romantic life of a young lady, nursed, educated, and married, in an opulent southern family, who lived upon a plantation.

We hold it to be as good a rule in criticism as in medicine, that the disagreeable potion should be administered before the jelly. Having imparted the one, we will try to give sweet things enough to remove the unpleasant flavor. Mrs. Gilman writes in an easy, graceful, and winning style, occasionally rising into real poetical prose. When she is sportive in humor, although childlike in simplicity, she is charmingly attractive. Her characters, though with softer shades around them than belong to real life, are drawn with fidelity. Her book will be useful on many accounts. It will contribute to a correct view of the condition of the best-cared-for slaves, and thus show that some portions of the colored race are as well to do in the world as the greater part of our poorer classes. We are sure, from the evidence of our own experience, that her sketches of negro habits and conversation are done to the life. Nothing could be better than the portraits of old Jacques and the nurse. Their unfailing attachment to their "old massa and missis," springing up like a bright streamlet in a dingy soil; their love for the children absorbing almost their whole natures; the reciprocal kindness of their owners, the real fondness of their youthful rulers; all are real, all are such as are observable by the most prejudiced intelligence which visits the hospitable homes of our Southern planters. The sketches of the negro boys and children are full as good—indeed, they are drawn with a Teniers' pencil. If Mrs. Gilman's pictures of high life were half as successful, she could assume no middle rank among our American storiers.

One of the best things in the book, is the delineation of Joseph Bates, the Connecticut schoolmaster, who went to Charleston to give the Southerners "a trifle of schooling." Mr. Wilton, the father of Miss Cornelia or "Neely," the heroine (the Southern matron herself,) had advertised for a "gentleman of cultivated mind and

polished manners, as a private teacher" for his family of children in the country. Seeing which, Mr. Joseph Bates, calculating himself pretty considerably competent, presented himself for the situation at Colonel Wilton's *farm*, as he called it—and plantation, as the eldest son called it. Joseph presented the following testimonial:—"This is to certify that Mr. Joseph Bates, the bearer, is in good standing with the church and congregation at ———, Connecticut. Ezekiel Duncan, *Pastor*."

Here is an account of the way in which Mr. Joseph Bates "came for to go" to the South:—

"Mr. Joseph Bates was the son of a Connecticut farmer, that race of men who, by their high moral qualities, contribute so much to the stability and honor of our country. Joseph, when a boy, was employed in tying fagots, driving the cows, husking corn, hoeing potatoes, &c., &c. He attended the district school, which is open in New England the three winter months, when work is *slack*. There he was taught reading, writing, spelling, and Daboll's Arithmetic. It was observed that he was never so happy as when he had washed his hands after work, and sitten down by the kitchen fire with an almanac in his hand. Perhaps sufficient praise has not been awarded to these little vehicles of knowledge, these national annuals, which, gliding noiselessly into the retreats of ignorance, throw abroad rays of science, and warm up the germes of heart and mind.

Joseph sat for hours with his eyes fixed on the crabs and scales in the zodiac, with a kind of mysterious delight. He looked to the weather department with the faith of a child, read the wise sayings with the voice of an oracle, and was even known, as a shrill blast came whistling through the door, shaking the very settle on which he sat, to exclaim,

" 'See, winter comes to rule the varied year.' "

"The only joke he was ever heard to utter was from the same fruitful source.

"Joseph availed himself of his privilege of a quarter every year at the district school up to the lawful age of twenty-one. He could cast up accounts, and wrote a tolerable hand, but was no nearer to the mysteries of the zodiac. It is customary for young men, in his quarter of the country, to associate themselves in a class for the winter months, under the teaching of the parish clergyman, who is willing to advance the cause of learning, and aid his scanty resources, by a trifling pecuniary compensation from an evening school. At the age of twenty-one, Joseph became a member of the Rev. Ezekiel Duncan's class, to which, after a hard day's work, he resorted, with hair duly sleeked over his forehead, and well-brushed Sunday suit. Access to Mr. Duncan's instruction and library for three months made a wonderful move in Joseph's mind. Familiar with many things, which made his good old parents, aunt Patty, and sister Nancy stare, he began to think himself competent to any intellectual effort.

"At this period the captain of a Charleston trading schooner came to — to visit his relations, and renewed a boyish intimacy with Joseph. This intercourse produced a restless desire of change in our incipient tutor.

" 'I calculate, captain,' said he, after a long stroll through the town, where the sailor had gone to indulge those associations which come up like young verdure over the most hardened souls, 'I calculate it's pretty difficult to git education down at Charleston.' "

" 'Dreadful difficult,' said the captain; 'I reckon they an't much better than niggers.' "

" 'An't you agreeable, captain,' said his friend, 'to my going down to Charleston, and trying what I can do to help them a trifle at schooling?' "

"The captain thought it would be a praiseworthy thing, and matters were laid in train to effect the object as soon as possible. Mr. Duncan was the only person opposed to the project; but his advice, though delivered almost in a tone of warning, sounded feebly on Mr. Bates's excited tympanum.

"His sister Nancy laid out a pocket-piece, which had been kept for show, in

buying him a third Sunday shirt; his mother sat up day and night to knit him six pairs of worsted hose; two were of blue yarn, two of gray, and two mixed, for variety; and his aunt Patty, whose pet he had been from childhood, borrowed the suit of a New Haven apprentice, who had *run up* to see his friends, to cut out Joseph's in the last fashion.

"For some days he was seen in frequent conference with a pedlar—they approached, retreated, parlied; once or twice there were signs of actual warfare; but at length Joseph came off, we know not at what loss, with a large silver watch, which he boasted kept excellent time. Joseph humored it, as we ought to humor our nervous friends or capricious servants; and when he found that it actually lost one quarter of an hour in every twenty-four, he said, philosophically, 'he guessed that was better than hurrying him to death by going too fast.'

"How fortune favors enterprise! the second day after his bargain he called at one of the neighbors to bid them farewell. There was great commotion among the daughters, and a scramble to get something from one of their par-boiled hands.

"I must stop a moment to say how sweet and healthy farmers' families have appeared to me in my northern excursions, just dressed from their Monday wash-tubs, sitting down to their afternoon sewing, with smiling faces and sanded floors. The scrambling among the young ladies continued till one of them said, 'You might as well let him see it, as he's got to.'

"'It's nothing to be ashamed of, Prudence,' said another. 'Tan't no present to cut love.'

"Prudence's cheeks grew a deeper crimson, until the suggestion that 'to-morrow was ironing day, and she wouldn't have no time to finish it,' induced her to draw out a braided watch-riband of various colors. It was observed that Prudence's hand trembled with unaffected trepidation as she pursued her work. Joseph rose to examine it, and by degrees the family (as families will instinctively do) disappeared, and Mr. Bates gained resolution to offer a faithful and affectionate heart to the blushing girl.

"Prudence's blushes were not diminished when her sisters observed, on their return, that the watch-guard had advanced but one knot, and that was done wrong, and their jests came full and free on the embarrassed lover. Happy had it been for him had he wedded his Prudence, and remained a 'hewer of wood and drawer of water!' Appreciating affection would have smoothed his path, and labour sweetened his repose.

"Such was the man whom my papa was obliged to welcome as the teacher of his children, for he had not the heart to turn him back after his long journey. I wish there was a register of looks, that mamma's might have been entered when she first saw him, and took in his whole figure, from his greased hair to his worsted hose. He was all angles. You would have judged him to be a mathematician by his elbows, sooner, perhaps, than by his phrenology; for his hair, being cut in an exact line over his brows, left but little display of his organical developments. A perpetual embarrassment in the company of his superiors made him stand like a drake, first on one foot then on the other; and while with one hand he fiddled at Prudence's watch-chain, he smoothed down the hair closer on his forehead with the other."

After several ineffectual attempts to teach the children, and to bring them into something like tractability, Mr. Bates gave up the task, and, on perfectly good terms with the Wiltons, returned to Connecticut, and settled down as a farmer. He did not, however, forget his old friends; but, upon the occasion of his minister's son, Mr. Charles Duncan's, going to warmer climates for his health, he gave his friend a letter of introduction to Mr. Wilton, commending him to the situation so successfully filled by himself—couched in the following truly characteristic phraseology:—

"*Respected Sir.*—I now sit down to write to you, to inform you that I am well,

as also are, sir and mar'm, my sister Nancy, and all the rest of our folks except aunt Patty, who is but poorly, having attacks of the rheumatiz, and shortness of breath. I should add, that Mrs. Prudence Bates (who, after the regular publication on the church doors for three Sundays, was united to me in the holy bands of wedlock, by our minister Mr. Ezekiel Duncan) is in a good state of health at this present, though her uncle, by her father's side, has been sick of jaundice, a complaint that has been off and on with him for a considerable spell.

"The bearer of this epistle is Parson Duncan's son, by name Mr. Charles Duncan, a very likely young man, but poorly in health, and Dr. Hincks says going down to Charleston may set him up. I have the candor to say that I think him on some accounts, a more proper teacher than your humble servant, having served his time at a regular college education.

"I have taken to farming, and lot upon seeing the Carolina seeds come up that you gave me. Our folks say that I speak quite outlandish since I come home; and when I told neighbor Holt tother day about *growing corn*, and spoke about somebody that was *raised* in a certain place, he as good as laughed in my face, and said it sounded curious.

"I have tried a heap to make our folks bile the hommony Miss Wilton give me as they do at Roseland; but it is the very picture of swill, and I must say the hogs eat it a nation faster than we do. When I told aunt Patty that Southern folks ate clabber, she rolled up her eyes, and wondered I could abide to sit at table with such critters; and though I told her that it was genteel, and that I stomached it very well, she can't no how git over it, and makes me feel very curious by telling everybody that happens in how they eat hog's victuals down at Charleston.

"Sister Nancy was very much obligated by the fan and basket Miss Neely sent her, and was in a great maze at niggers doing any thing so tasty; and they were all astonished when I told them how the white folks buy what the niggers make, and what a laying up they can git if they have a mind to, jist from knick-knacks, and eggs, and potatoes, and so on.

"Mrs. Prudence admires the Thomson's Seasons Mr. John sent her. She has kivered it with a bit of blue homespun, and put it up safe.

"I didn't say nothing to none on you about a keg of shrimps that I brought on here from Charleston. When I got here, Mr. Wilton, they were a sight for mortal eyes! Nobody could tell which was head or which was tail. A perfect regiment of critters had took hold on 'em; and when I told our folks how much nicer and delicates they were than lobsters, they began to twit me, and I an't hearn the last of it yit. I only wish I could have preserved the live-stock for a museum.

"I send by Mr. Duncan some long-necked squashes and russet apples of my own raising. The folks here stare like mad when I tell them you eat punkins biled like squash.

"I have writ a much longer letter than I thought on; but somehow it makes me chirpy to think of Roseland, though the young folks were obstreperous.

"Give my love nevertheless to them, and Miss Wilton, and all the little ones, as also I would not forget Daddy Jacque, whom I consider, notwithstanding his color, as a very respectable person. I cannot say as much for Jim, who was an eternal thorn in my side, by reason of his quickness at mischief, and his slowness of waiting upon me; and I take this opportunity of testifying, that I believe, if he had been in New England, he would have had his deserts before this; but you Southern folks do put up with an unaccountable sight from niggers, and I hope Jim will not be allowed his full tether, if so be Mr. Charles should take my situation in your family. I often tell our folks how I used to catch up a thing and do it rather than wait for half a dozen on 'em to take their own time. If I lived to the age of Methusalem, I never could git that composed, quiet kind of way you Southern folks have of waiting on the niggers. I only wish they could see aunt Patty move when the rheumatiz is off—if she isn't spry, I dont know.

"Excuse all errors.

"Yours to serve,

"JOSEPH BATES."

A Love Token for Children ; designed for Sunday Schools.
By the Author of "The Linwoods," "Live and Let Live,"
&c. New-York : Harper & Brothers.

MOST appropriately is this volume termed a Love Token for Children. A cheerful, bright-eyed benevolence is the good genius of these pages. They are written fresh from the heart of one of the heartiest and most homefelt of authors ; and are a beautiful illustration of that utility which seeks to make the world a better thing, by making it more contented and happy. Without any pretence or affectation of philanthropy, or assumption of goodness, there is woven in a moral with every leaf. The stories are founded on such traits and incidents of country life as may happen every day, and derive their interest, not from any novel or extravagant adventures, but from a closer analysis of those habits, manners, and thoughts, which are of daily recurrence. It is an attempt to teach the child the beauty there is in the actual world around us ; the pleasure and satisfaction that result from mutual love and forbearance ; the cheerful discipline of the soul that is learned by showing kindness to inferiors, even the brute creation ; the delight that may be derived from a simple flower, or the running brook in the meadow. This is not too learned or philosophical for children. In its philosophy consists its truth. The simplicity of nature, of well-governed passions, of love to the Deity and man, can enter the breast of the child more readily, sometimes, than they can penetrate to the so-called scholar or sage. It is a lesson that requires a philosopher to teach ; but when taught, as in these domestic parables, it is worth all the encyclopedias that ever were invented.

This is, indeed, a different volume from most of those which are written for children. It is neither a geography, a history, nor an arithmetic ; it is not science made easy for the cradle, or geology creeping about the nursery in pantalets. It has nothing to do with functions or the cube root. Indeed, we do not remember a single word in the book that ends with ology. There is neither mineralogy, terminology, or zoology. It has something better in it than the facts of all the sciences. If it be not learned, what is more, it is wise, and not the less useful in the best sense of that injured term. If it has no modern abstruse definitions, it may yet be considered as a dictionary of a few old-fashioned words and phrases in use by the world long before the invention of the steam-engine or the rail-road. They are even antecedent to the peregrinations of the schoolmaster, who, it has been wittily remarked, has indeed gone abroad, since he is never to be seen at home. The old words we allude to convey the ideas of love, charity, meekness, benevolence, forbearance, love of nature and human kindness. In our plain view, it is better to understand and practise these, than to resolve equations, or even calculate the longitude.

Much is said of that ingenious and skilful agriculturalist who discovered the art of causing two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before; something of the same praise is due in a higher sense to the author of the work before us, who has caused new objects of love to spring up, and new affections to be discovered, where before all was barren to the eye of childhood. Miss Sedgwick looks upon the world as it is, not as it has been or will be; if she cares little for the associations of the past, she makes amend by seeing more in the realities of the present.

After these remarks, we need not commend the volume to all friends and lovers of youth as the prompter of good thoughts and feelings, and a pride to the best discipline of life. We cannot refrain, however, from gracing our pages with a few gems, selected here and there from the volume.

The Magic Lamp is a beautiful apologue, illustrating the virtue of cheerfulness. A mother, who loved fairy tales, longed for a magical gift for her infant in her lap, when Mother Nature appeared, and said that she gave gifts to all; and that to her daughter she had given an invisible lamp, which she was to bear about with her, and keep trimmed and burning, and she would supply it with oil—the oil of cheerfulness:—

“A beautiful light played about the child’s countenance, that seemed to issue from her soft bright eyes, and to beam from the smile into which her pretty lips were for ever curling. * * * The effect of the lamp, indeed, seemed like magic; she could learn a lesson in half the time by it that others could without it. By the light of her lamp she performed all her tasks as if they were pleasures, while others were grumbling and crying. She was better satisfied with an old dress by this precious light, than other girls with the newest and prettiest without it. One might have fancied the color of every thing in life depended on the light that fell on it. Serena would sit out an evening with an old grand-aunt, deaf, and almost blind; she and the old lady as happy as happy could be by the light of the lamp, though Serena knew her companions were amusing themselves with dancing, and all manner of gaiety at the next house. She has stayed many a day, and day after day, in this same aunt’s sick-room, and the old lady said, with grateful tears in her eyes: ‘While Serena’s light falls on my pillow, my drinks refresh me, my food nourishes me, and even my medicines taste less nauseous.’ * * * As Serena grew up, and took her part in the pleasure and business of the world, the light of her lamp was of course more diffused. It was visible in the mid-day sun, and in the darkest night how far it sent its beams! It added a charm to the most brilliant apartment; and when Serena visited the humble dwellings of the poor and afflicted, it shone on their walls, played like sunshine over the faces of the children, and sent a ray of pleasure to the saddest, darkest heart.”

Was ever cheerfulness before represented half so cheerful? Our next extract shall be a pleasant picture of the barn-yard:—

“Those who have not observed much, are apt to fancy that all birds of one kind, for instance that all hens are just alike; but each, like each child in a family, has a character of its own. One will be a quiet, patient little body, always giving up to its companions; and another for ever fretting, fluttering, and pecking. I know a little girl who names the fowls in her poultry-yard according to their characters. A lordly fellow, who has beaten all the other cocks in regular battle, who cares for nobody’s rights, and seems to think that all his companions were

made to be subservient to him, she calls *Napoleon*. A pert, handsome little cock-comb, who spends all his time in dressing his feathers and strutting about the yard, is named *Narcissus*. *Bessie* is a young hen, who, though she seems very well to understand her own rights, is a general favorite in the poultry yard. Other lively young fowls are named after favorite cousins, as *Lizzy*, *Susy*, &c. But the best loved of all is one called '*Mother*,' because she never seems to think of herself, but is always scratching for others; because, in short, she is in this respect like that best, kindest, and dearest of parents, the mother of our little mistress of the poultry-yard."

Emma Maxwell is a very happy portrait; her traits of goodness become her like a rich array of diamonds. She is a stray flower found in the fields, more lovely than the fine ladies of the earth in all their glory. A daily, aye, hourly beauty, beams forth in her quiet benevolence. Such charm there is in virtue:—

"There are persons in this world who would almost seem to be deprived of the natural relations of parents, brothers and sisters, husband and children, that they may do the little odd jobs for the human family left undone by the regular laborers. Emma Maxwell was one of these, God's missionaries to his children. Emma was an orphan. She lived at her uncle's, where, though she paid her board, she rendered many services that lightened the burden of life to every member of the family. Perhaps some of my young readers would like to know how Miss Emma Maxwell looked. She was tall, and not very slender, for she took good care of her health, and had the reward of her care in strength and cheerfulness, and the sign of it in the bright bloom of her cheek. She had a soft blue eye, and one of the sweetest mouths I ever saw. How could it be otherwise? for never any but kind words and soft tones came from it. And she had—do not be shocked, my gentle readers—red hair. Depend upon it, all young ladies, be they good and lovely, and even pretty (and pretty Emma undeniably was), do not have—except in books—'auburn hair,' or 'flaxen,' or even 'rich brown.' Emma's hair was so plainly and neatly arranged, that no one noticed it except to say, that 'somehow red hair did not look badly on Emma Maxwell.' The light that comes from within can make every thing without look agreeable in our eyes. * * * Emma had escaped that worst evil, sometimes the consequence of the early loss of friends, a diminution of her affections. Hers were 'set on things above.' Her heart went out to meet every human being gently and silently, like the falling of the dews of heaven. There was no bustle, no talk. By her fruit she was known. She often resembled those flowers that, unseen, give out sweet odors; her kindness was enjoyed, and its source was known."

We hope to receive more such volumes for the young from Miss Sedgwick. In her observations among her young friends and acquaintances she should make further note of the qualities of goodness here presented, as one plucks a beautiful flower in his walks, and keeps them for new Christmas offerings and Love Tokens for Children.

MISCELLANIES.

HENRY CLAY.—We read with feelings of unmixed pleasure the recently published correspondence between this distinguished statesman and a committee of New-York Whigs. This committee, which consisted of Gulian C. Verplanck, Alexander R. Wyckoff, Noah Cooke, Willis Hall, Dudley Selden, William A. Lawrence, M. L. Davis, A. Chandler, and Daniel Ulman, Esqrs., addressed, on the 20th of July last, a letter to Mr. Clay, expressive of their sentiments upon conveying to him an account of the proceedings of a meeting of his friends held on the 6th of July, in which it was determined to use all proper exertions to bring before a national convention the name of HENRY CLAY as a candidate for the Presidency. We have scarcely ever met with a more dignified, chaste, and beautiful letter than that which Mr. Clay wrote in reply. Its sentiments are precisely such as we should have expected. Generous, noble, self-sacrificing—he prefers in all things the good of his country to his own. Rejecting the nomination of any candidate at that time, as premature, he writes, “It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our friends that the question of the selection of the particular individual to accomplish those patriotic purposes which we have in view, although not unimportant, is of subordinate consequence. It should never be allowed to become the paramount object, nor to divide more than is absolutely unavoidable those who agree in the general principle. * * * Should a National Convention of the friends of reform nominate any other person, he shall have my hearty wishes for his success, and my cordial support.” How different a man is here presented to our contemplation from our ordinary great men! Let it be remembered that this was not written for effect, but in a letter which the writer thought would never be published. Subsequently, on the 16th of November, the same committee of gentlemen addressed a letter to Mr. Clay, congratulating him on the recent political revolution in New-York. To this Mr. Clay replied from Washington in an animated and eloquent strain.

The publication of this excellent correspondence presents us with a fitting occasion upon which to declare, plainly and undisguisedly, our positive preference of HENRY CLAY as the candidate of the Whig party for the Presidency. We prefer him personally—we prefer him politically. Whatever influence we can exert, shall be exerted in his cause. He was our choice when we were youths in the cloisters of a college; he has been constantly our choice; he is now our choice, when we are men engaged in the business of life; he shall be our Candidate. If another shall be nominated by a National

Convention, we shall regret it, but yield to duty and expediency. Nevertheless we are for CLAY—"HARRY CLAY" is our man. We never saw more of him than his great acts and his eloquent arguments; but we revere the statesman and we love the man. All the literary men of the country should cluster around him; he is their best friend. Already has he introduced a bill for a copy-right law, which will greatly advance the interests of our literature; to him alone do we owe all that has been done in our behalf in our time-wasting Congress. We have spoken distinctly. We scorn concealment on such a subject. We pretend no liking that we do not feel, and we boldly declare that which we do feel. Our reasons will be fully stated from time to time, as clearly in defence of this as of our other political opinions. Whether our advocacy of his cause prove of weight or of no weight; whether we gain or lose in the estimation of the political public, by an unequivocal declaration of our preference; we will, to the best of our ability, hold up to the people as the candidate for President of the United States—after the much-prayed-for secession of Martin Van Buren—HENRY CLAY.

CONGRESS.—The Twenty-Fifth Congress commenced its first regular session on Monday, Dec. 4th, and the President's Message was delivered on the following day. It is mediocre in style, verbose, often obscure, and rather remarkable for a paucity of ideas than otherwise. Its principal points are as follows:—

1. A war with Mexico is threatened.
2. The sub-treasury scheme, including the exaction of specie exclusively for all public dues, is adhered to and again recommended, though timorously, and with qualifications.
3. The late Whig victories are attributed to Bank influence.
4. The Treasury is in a bad way, and getting more so.
5. The Public Land system is to be modified so as to suit the views of the squatters. (On this head, see our article in this No.)

We remember nothing else of importance. Mr. Speaker Polk in the House, and Vice-President Johnson in the senate, have re-appointed, very nearly, the old packed committees. The political campaign was opened with great spirit on Monday, Dec. 18th, by Mr. Wise of Va., in opposition to the usual reference of the President's Message—the proposition before the House being to refer so much as relates to the currency and finances of the nation to the committee of Ways and Means.

Nothing of marked interest has yet occurred in either House, saving a tempest in each on the Abolition question. Mr. Adams makes a practice of consuming petition day, as it is termed, in a series of undignified *rows* with the Southern members, by presenting but one of his pile of Abolition petitions at a time, and getting up a distinct quarrel upon each. This conduct had already occasioned much irritation, when a new firebrand was thrown into the

House by the introduction of certain resolutions of the Vermont Legislature, strongly hostile to slavery. Mr. Slade, in presenting them, gave vent to his feelings, (Wednesday, Dec. 20,) in a highly inflammatory speech, which created a tumultuous excitement, in the midst of which the Southern members withdrew from the House, and organized themselves in the room of the committee for the District of Columbia. Their deliberation was protracted till 12 o'clock; and, as its result, a resolution was presented to the House the next morning, by Mr. Patton, their chairman, establishing in substance, as a rule of the House, that all petitions, resolutions, &c. &c., relating in any manner to Slavery or its Abolition, in the District of Columbia or elsewhere, be laid on the table on presentation, without debating, reading, references, or action of any kind. The previous question was moved, all discussion precluded, and the resolution passed forthwith: Yeas 124; Nays 75. Had the House refused or evaded this decision, it is presumed that the Southern members would have withdrawn, and the Union been virtually dissolved.

In the Senate, the Abolition petitions have also been laid on the table: Yeas 25; Nays 20.

A HOME SQUADRON.—We are glad to perceive that one of the first acts of Congress, during the present session, is the passage of a law ordering a portion of our naval vessels to cruise upon our coasts, for the purpose of affording relief to vessels that may arrive in distress. Worthy as this object is, we believe that other advantages will arise from it, of great utility both to the Navy and the country at large. The propriety of establishing a *coast guard* has long been suggested; and the recent report of the capture of the *Susquehanna* seems to have shown the necessity for it in a strong light. The extent of our coast, the great number of our ships, and the large amount of specie always coming to, and going from, our Atlantic ports, seem imperiously to demand such a guard. And when to this is added the immense number of human beings whose lives might be sacrificed in the event of any depredations upon the coast, every principle of humanity urges us to demand protection from the Government.

While safety would thus be given to our commerce, a squadron of vessels, well manned and equipped, plying upon our coast, and keeping up regular communications between its distant points, would give to the whole country a more intimate knowledge of the strength and resources of our Navy than is now diffused. By being transferred from one point to another, our officers and seamen would become acquainted with our whole coast, and a system of intercourse be established between them and their countrymen, beneficial alike to themselves and those whose interests they would be engaged in protecting.

As a nursery for both officers and seamen, a coast squadron would

be productive of the happiest results. We are sure that the portion of officers who now necessarily pass a part of their time on shore, would prefer the activity which the short cruises of such a duty would give them. The greatest usefulness, however, would be found in its operation as a school for American seamen. The great difficulty of getting American seamen for the ships of our Navy is everywhere known; and the evil is increasing, rather than diminishing. In case of war, the great number of foreigners now in our naval vessels might produce serious embarrassments. Our officers feel this fact to be highly discreditable to us as a nation, and appeal to the pride with which every American citizen is accustomed to look upon our navy, to demand a remedy for this evil.

Public attention has been drawn to a plan of establishing, in each of our principal seaports, a school-ship, for the reception of boys of a suitable age, to enter, with consent of their parents and guardians, with a view of preparing them for a sea-faring life. It is proposed that they should here be well instructed in the various rudiments of an ordinary education. This plan, we think, to be one of great utility, and highly benevolent in its character. In the event of its being carried into effect, the vessels composing the home squadron could form that part of "the school" where the boys should receive the practical knowledge of their business. Even if this plan should not be adopted, the short cruises of this squadron would be an inducement to parents, whose children might evince a fondness for a sea-life, to place them under the care of experienced officers.

To all these considerations we may add another, purely national. In approaching the coast of England, France, and the other nations of Europe, vessels of war are found cruising, ready to afford relief or protection to vessels of all nations. Is it not due to our own national consequence, that a similar squadron, both for guard and relief, should always be found equipped for service near our coast?

EARLY VOYAGES TO AMERICA—It was announced some time since, that the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, intended to publish a volume under the title of *Antiquities Americanæ*, the object of which was to treat of the early voyages to, and discoveries made in, this country, anterior to the time of Columbus.

This Society is one of the oldest in existence, and numbers among its members many of the most distinguished savans in Europe. It is also enriched with a cabinet of great value, on account of its rare manuscripts, and other documents and articles of various descriptions, illustrative of the persons and things, manners and customs, voyages and travels, of by-gone times.

Under a belief that America had been visited, during various periods, between the 10th and 14th centuries, some of the most prominent members of this Society have devoted many years to investigations relating to this matter. The result of their labors has been arranged, systematized, and published by order of the Society.

The work has been received in this country. It consists of an imperial quarto volume of 480 pages. It is printed in the original Icelandic, with Danish and Latin translations; to which there is prefixed an historical view of the voyages of discovery, in English. It contains also many fac-similies of the famed Skin Books of Iceland, and numerous copperplate engravings.

The work is one of great labor and research, and bears ample testimony to the fact that America was known to Europe, ages before the time of Columbus; and that portions of it have been visited, especially in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. An interesting description is given of the Writing Rocks at Tiverton and Portsmouth, R. I., and opposite Dighton, Mass.; the last is spoken of at much length, and the inscription it bears explained. These monuments are presumed to be erections of the middle ages. The one near Dighton is said to have been erected near the commencement of the eleventh century, as an evidence of occupancy of the country by Northmen.

Our readers may recollect that the January number of this magazine for 1836, contains a plate and description of a human skeleton, found in a sitting posture at Fall River, Mass., in the immediate neighborhood of Dighton Rock. On the breast was a curious plate of brass, and the body was encircled with a belt composed of brass tubes. There were also found arrows of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape. No satisfactory account has before now been given of this, or of the hieroglyphics upon the rocks. The body was undoubtedly one of the Northmen who came over in these expeditions, and was probably buried in the position in which it was found.

We shall give an extended notice of this work in our February number.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS.—Under this title a spirited pamphlet, of which we have had a look at the first proof of sheets, is about to be issued by Adlard and Saunders. It goes completely over the whole ground of the rights of literary property, and appeals to the American public in behalf of a just international copyright law. We commend it warmly to the public.

ADLARD AND SAUNDERS have also in the press:—

THE DESERTED BRIDE, and other Poems, by George P. Morris.

DR. A. H. STEVENS' LECTURE on the Primary Treatment of Injuries, &c.

A new edition of *Miss Martineau's* "SOCIETY IN AMERICA." 2 vols. &c.

A new edition of *N. P. Willis's* "MELANIE and other Poems."

A second edition of *Mrs. Jameson's* "CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," with vignette etchings by the author, with copious additions, &c.

GEORGE DEARBORN AND CO. have in the press, THE LIFE OF BRANT, by WM. L. STONE. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, with an original Preface and Notes, by the Hon. J. C. Spenser. THE LOVE CHASE, a new Drama, by JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES; to be published uniform with the editions of ION, THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER, &c. &c. THE WHIG ALMANAC; new edition, containing complete returns of all elections just published.

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Communications addressed to the Rev. Asa Eaton, D. D., Chaplain and Head of the Family of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have reserved FRENCH PAINTING and SCULPTURE, and MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WELLS, for our next.

Why have we not received the promised paper on *Antiquitates Americanæ*? We are constrained thus to disappoint our readers to whom *we* have promised the learned article—as it doubtlessly will be—for the present number. Will it come in season for March?

The world is mending apace. We have not received a single metrical communication during the past month. Good poetry is always welcome to us; Mr. L. G. Noble deserves, therefore, our warmest thanks.

The Correspondent, who requests us to glorify "SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY," is informed that had we every inclination to do so, two things are indispensably requisite; viz: a possession of the book, and a conviction of its excellence. We are without the one, and, from the specimens we have seen, very likely to remain without the other. That must have been indeed irredeemable trash, which could so excite the sarcasm of our right good-natured cousin of the Knickerbocker (with whom, by the way, we shall not quarrel to please all the anthologists in the Republic) and rouse the virtuous indignation of our amiable, political brother of the New-Yorker.

We ourselves have sometimes been accused of harshness to authors, and we have been assailed most vituperatively in the newspapers; but not for a moment has our equanimity been disturbed. "Maga," *our* Maga is a mild and gentle lady, and it grieves her to be unkind; but she must be just. "*Testimonium veritati, non amicitia reddas*," is one of her mottoes. She is beautifully impartial. She is impartial to contributors as well as to books; she accepts all the offerings that are grateful to her, and with a tender hand she puts aside those which would do her small honor:—

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she *rejects*, but never once offends.